

Old English Drama

STUDENTS' FACSIMILE EDITION

Northward Hoe

*Written by Thos. Dekker and
John Webster*

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Nb
1607a

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Date of the first known edition . . . 1607

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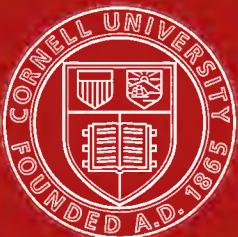
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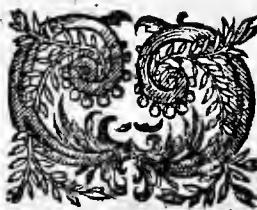
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NORTH-VVARD H O E.

*Sundry times Acted by the Children
of Paules.*

By Thomas Decker, and
John Webster.



Imprinted at London by G. ELIZ.
1607.

A.3551a.79

NORTH-WARD H O E.

ACTVS PRIMVS.

Enter Luke Greene-shield with Fetherstone apoted.



Feth. **A** Reſure old Maybery Innes here to night,
Gree. Tis certaine the honest knaue Chamberleine that
hath bin my Informer, my bau'd, euer since I knew
Ware assures me of it, and more being a *Londmer*
though altogether vnaquainted, I haue requested his company
at supper.

Feth. Excellent occasion: how wee shall carry our ſclues in
this busines is onely to be thought vpon.

Gree. Be that my vndertaking: if I do not take a full reuenge
of his wifes puritanall coynſe.

Feth. Suppose it ſhe ſhould be chraft,

Gree. O hang her: this art of ſeeming honest makes many of
our young ſonnes and heires in the Citiy, looke ſo like our
prentifes,---Chamberlaine,

Cha. Heare Sir. Enter Chamberlaine.

Gree. This honest knaue is call'd *Innocence*, iſt not a good
name for a Chamberlaine he dwelt at *Dunſtable* not long ſince,
and hath brought me and the two *Butchers* Daughters there
to interiuiew twenty times & not ſo little I protest: how chance
you left dunſtable Sir?

Cha. Faith Sir the towne dropt euer ſince the peace in *Ire-land*, your capraines were wont to take their leaues of their *Lon-don* Polecats, (their wenches I meane Sir) at Dunſtable: the next morning when they had broke their fast togeather the wenches brought them to *Hockly* 'ith hole, & ſo the one for *London* the other for *Westcheter*, your onely rode now Sir is *Yorke Yorke* Sir.

Gree. True, but yet it comes ſcant of the Propheſy; *Lincolne* was, *London* is, and *Yorke* ſhall-be.

Cha. Yes Sir, tis fullſiſt, *Yorke* ſhalbe, that is, it ſhalbe *Yorke* ſtill, ſurely it was the meaning of the prophet: will you haue ſome *Cray-fiſh*, and a *Spitchcocke*.

Enter Maybery with Bellamont.

Feth. And a fat Trout.

NORT HWARD HOE.

Chas. You shall Sir; the Londoners you wot of:

Green. Most kindly welcome--I beseech you hold our bould-nesse excused Sir.

Bella. Sir it is the heath of Trauailers, to injoy good company: will you walke: *Feth.* Whether Trauaille you I beseech you.

May. To London Sir we came from Sturbridge.

Bel. I tel you Gentlemen I haue obseru'd very much with be-
ing at Sturbridge; it hath afforded me mirth beyond the length
of ffeue lattin Comedies; here should you meete a Nor-folk yeo-
man ful-but; with his head able to ouer-turne you; and his pret-
ty wife that followed him, ready to excuse the ignorant hard-
nesse of her hus bands forehead, in the goose markt number of
freshmen; stuck here and there, with a graduate:like cloues with
great heads in a gammon of bacon: here two gentlemen mak-
ing a mariage betweene their heires ouer a wool-pack; there
a Ministers wife that could speake false lattine very lispingly;
here two in one corner of a shop: Londoners selling their wares,
& other Gentlemen courting their wiues; where they take vp
petticoates you shold finde schollers & towns-mens wiues crou-
ding togither while their hus bands weare in another market
busie amongst the Oxen; twas like a campe for in other Countries
so many Punks do not follow an army. I could make an excellent
discription of it in a Comedy: but whether are you traualying
Gentlemen?

Feth Faith Sir we purposed a dangerous voyage, but vpō better
consideration we alterd our course.

May. May we without offence pertake the ground of it.

Green. Tis altogether triuial in sooth: but to passe away the time
till supper, I le deliuier it to you, with protestation before hand, I
seeke not to publish euery gentle-womans dishonor, only by the
passage of my disconce to haue you censure the state of our
quarrel.

Bel. Forth Sir.

Green. Frequenting the company of many marchants wiues in
the City, my heart by chance leapt into mine eye to affect the
fairest but with al the falsest creature that euer affected stoopt to.

May. Of what ranck was she I beseech you.

Feth. Vpon your promise of seceritie.

Bel. You shall close it vp like treasure of your owne, and your
selfe shall keepe the key of it.

NORTH-WARD HOE.

Green. She was and by report still is wife to a most graue and well reputed Cittizen. *May.* And entertaind your loue.

Green. As Meddowes do Aprill : the violence as it seemed of her affection--but alas it proued her dissembling, would at my comming and departing be-dew her eyes with loue dropps; O she could the art of woman most feelingly.

Bel. Most feelingly.

May. I should not haue lik'd that feelingly had she beene my wife, giue vs some sack heare and in faith--- we are all friends, & in priuate--- what was her hus bands name,---- Ie giue you a carouse by and by.

Green. O you shall pardon mee his name, it seemes you are a Cittizen, it would bee discourse inough for you vpon the exchange this fort-night shold I tell his name.

Bel. Your modesty in this wiues commendation; on sir:

Green. In the passage of our loues, (amongst other fauours of greater valem) she bestowed vpon me this ringe which she protested was her hus bands gift.

May. The poesie, the poesie--O my heart, that ring good infaith.

Green. Not many nights comming to her and being familiar with her. *May.* Kissing and so forth. *Green.* I Sir,

Ma. And talking to her feelingly. *Gre.* Pox on't, I lay with her.

May. Good infaith you are of a good complexion.

Green. Lying with her as I say: and rising some-what early frō her in the morning, I lost this ring in her bed.

May. In my wiues bed. *Feth.* How do you Sir.

May. Nothing : lettres haue a fire chamberlaine; I thinke my bootes haue taken water I haue such a shuderling : uth' bed you say;

Green. Right Sir, in Mistris Maiberies sheetes.

May. Was her name Maybery.

Green. Beshrew my tongue for blabbing, I presume vpon your secrefy. *May.* O God Sir, but where did you find your loosing;

Green. Where I found her falsnesse: with this Gentleman; who by his owne confession pertaking the like inyoyment, found this ring the same morning on her pillowe, and sham'd not in my fight to weare it.

May. What did shée talke feelingly to him too; I war-sant her husband was forth a Toyne all this while;

NORTH-WARD HOE.

and he poore man trauaile with hard Egges in's pocket , to saue
the charge of a baite, whilst she was at home with her Plouers,
Turkys, Chickens ; do you know that Maibery.

Feth. No more then by name.

May. Hee's a wondrous honest man; lets be merry ; will not
your mistresse? gentlemen, you are tenants in common I take it.

Feth Green. Ycs.

May. Will not your Mistresse make much of her husband
when he comes home, as if no such legerdemaine had bin acted.

Green. Yes she hath reason for't, for in some countries, where
men and women haue good trauailing stomackes, they begin
with porridge ; then they fall to Capon or so-forth : but if Capon
come short of filling their bellies, to their porridge againe,
tis their onely course, so for our women in England.

May. This wit taking of long lourneys : kindred that comes
in ore the hatch, and sailing to Westminster makes a number of
Cuckolds.

Bell. Fie what an idle quarrell is this, was this her ring ?

Green. Her ring Sir.

May. A pretty idle toy, would you would take mony for't,

Feth Green. Mony Sir.

May. The more I looke on't, the more I like it.

Bell. Troth tis of no great valem, and considering the losse,
and finding of this ring made breach into your friendship, Gentle-
men, with this trifile purchase his loue, I can tell you he keepes
a good Table.

Green. What my Mistris gift ?

Feth. Faith you are a merry old Gentleman ; Ile give you
my part in't.

Green. Troth and mine, with your promise to conceale it
from her husband.

May. Doth he know of it yet ?

Green. No Sir.

May. He shall never then I protest : looke you this ring doth
fitte me passing well.

Feth. I am glad we haue fittet you.

May. This walking is wholesome, I was a cold eu'en now,
now I sweat for't.

Feth.

NORTH-WARD HOE.

Feth. Shall walke into the Garden *Luke*, Gentlemen weele
downe and hasten supper.

May. Looke you, we must be better acquainted that's all.

Exeunt Green, and Feth.

Green. Most willingly ; Excellent, hee's heat to the proose,
lets with-draw, and giue him leaue to rauue a little.

May. Chamberlaine, giue vs a cleane Towell.

Enter Chamberlaine.

Bell. How now man ?

May. I am foolish old *Maybery*, and yet I can be wise *May-*
bery too ; Ile to London presently, begon Sir.

Bell. How, how ?

May. Nay, nay, Gods pretious you doe mistake mee Maister
Bellamont ; I am not distempered, for to know a mans wife is a
whore, is to be resolu'd of it, and to be resolued of it, is to make
no question of it, and when a case is out of question ; what was
I saying ?

Bell. Why looke you, what a distraction are you falne into ?

May. If a man be deuorft, doe you see, deuorft *forma Iuris*,
whether may he haue an action or no, gaist those that make
hornes at him ?

Bell. O madnesse ! that the frailty of a woman should make a
wife man thus idle ! yet I protest to my ynderstanding, this re-
port seemes as farre from truth, as you from patience.

May. Then am I a foole, yet I can bee wife and I list too :
what sayes my wedding ring ?

Bell. Indeed that breeds some suspition : for the rest most
grose and open, for two men, both to loue your wife, both to in-
joy her bed, and to meeete you as if by miracle, and not know-
ing you, vpon no occasion in the world, to thrust vpon you a
discourse of a quarrell, with circumstance so dishonest, that not
any Gentleman but of the countrie blushing, would haue pub-
lisht. I and to name you: doe you know them ?

May. Faith now I remember, I haue seene them walke mu-
fled by my shop.

Bell. Like enough ; pray God they doe not borrow mony of
vs twixt *Ware* and *London* : come striue to blow ouer these
clowdes.

May.

NORTH-WARD HOE.

May. Not a clowd, you shall haue cleane Moone-shine, they haue good smooth lookes the fellowes.

Bell. As Iet, they will take vp I warrant you, where they may bee trusted; will you be merry?

May. Wonderous merry; lets haue some Sack to drowne this Cuckold, downe with him: wonderous merry: one word & no more; I am but a foolish tradesman, and yet Ile be a wise tradesman.

Exeunt.

*Enter Doll lead betweene Leuer-poole, and Chartley,
after them Philip arrested.*

Phil. Arrest me? at whose suite? *Tom Chartley, Dick Leuer-*
poole, stay, Ime arrested. *Omn.* Arrested?

1.Ser. Gentlemen breake not the head of the peace; its to no purpose, for hee's in the lawes clutches, you see hee's fangd.

Doll. Vds life, doe you stand with your naked weapons in your hand, and doe nothing with em? put one of em into my fingers, Ile tickle the pimple-nosed varlets.

Phil. Hold *Doll*, thrust not a weapon vpon a mad woman, Officers step back into the Tauerne, you might ha tane mee ith streete, and not ith' Tauerne entrie, you Cannibals.

Ser. Wec did it for your credit Sir.

Chart. How much is the debt? Drawer, some wine.

Enter Drawer.

1.Ser. Foure score pound: can you send for Baile Sir? or what will you doe? wee cannot stay.

Doll. You cannot, you pasty-footed Rascalls, you will stay one day in hell.

Phil. Foure score pounds drawes deepe; farewell *Doll*, come Sericants, Ile step to mine Uncle not farre off, here-by in Pudding lane, and he shall baile mee: if not, *Chartly* you shall finde me playing at Span-counter, and so farewell. Send mee some Tobacco.

2.Ser. Haue an eye to his hands.

Doll. Ime as melancholy now?

Chart. Villanous spitefull luck, Ile hold my life some of these lawfie Drawers betrayd him.

Draw. Wee fit! no by Gad Sir, wee scorne to haue a *Iudas* in our company.

Leuer-

NORTHWARD HOE.

Lener. No, no, hee was dogd in, this is the end of all dycing.

Doll. This is the end of all whores, to fall into the hands of knaues. *Drawer,* tye my shoc pry thee: the new knot as thou seest this: *Philip* is a good honest Gentleman, I loue him because heele spend, but when I saw him on his Fathers Hobby, and a brace of Punkes following him in a coach, I told him hee would run out, hast done boy?

Drawer. Yes forsooth: by my troth you haue a dainty legge.

Doll. How now good-man rogue.

Drawer. Nay sweete Mistresse *Doll.*

Doll, Doll! you reprobate! out you Bawd for seauen yeares by the custome of the City.

Drawer. Good Mistris *Dorothy*; the pox take mee, if I toucht your legge but to a good intent.

Doll. Prate you: the rotten toothd rascall, will for sixe pence ferch any whore to his maisters customers: and is euery one that swims in a laffatice gowne Lettis for your lippes? vds life, this is rare, that Gentlewomen and Drawers, must suck at one Spiggot: Doe you laugh you vnseasonable puck-fist? doe you grin?

Chart. Away *Drawer*: hold pry thee good rogue, holde my sweete *Doll*, a pox a this swaggering.

Doll. Pox a your gutts, your kidneys; mew: hang yee, rooke: I me as melancholy now as Fleet-streete in a long vacation.

Lener. Melancholy? come weele ha some wuld Sack.

Doll. When begins the terme?

Chart. Why? haft any suites to be tryed at Westminster?

Doll. My Sutes you base ruffian haue beene tryed at West-minster already: so soone as euer the terme begins, Ile change my lodging, it stands out a the way; Ile lye about Charing-crosse, for if there be any stirrings, there we shall haue 'em: or if some Dutch-man would come from the States! oh! these Flemmings pay soundly for what they take.

Lener. If thou't haue a lodging West-ward *Doll*, Ile fitte thee.

Doll. At Tyburne will you not? a lodging of your prouiding? to bee cal'd a Licutentants, or a Captaines wench! oh! I scorne to bee one of your Low-country commodities, I; is this body made to bee maaintained with Prouant and dead.

NORTHWARD HOE.

pay? no: the Mercer must bee paide, and Sattin gownes must bee tane vp.

Chart. And gallon pots must be tumbled downe.

Doll. Stay: I haue had a plot, a breeding in my braines---
Are all the Quest-houses broken vp?

Leuer. Yes, long since: what then?

Doll. What then? mary then is the wind come about, and for those poore wenches that before Christmasse fled West-ward with bag and baggag:, come now sailing alongst the lee shore with a Northerly wnde, and we that had warrants to lie without the liberties, come now dropping into the freedome by Owle-light sneakingly.

Chart. But *Doll*, what's the plot thou spakst off?

Doll. Mary this: Gentlemen, and Tobacco-stinckers, and such like, are still buzzing where sweete meates are (like Flyes) but they make any flesh stinke that they blow vpon: I will leaue those fellowes therefore in the hands of their Landresses: Siluer is the Kings stampe, man Gods stampe, and a woman is mans stampe, wee are not currant till wee passe from one man to another.

Bnkh: Very good.

Doll. I will therefore take a faire house in the City: no matter tho it be a Tauerne that has blowne vp his Maister: it shall be in trade still, for I know diuerse Tauernes ith Towne, that haue but a Wall betweene them and a hotte-house. It shall then bee giuen out, that I'me a Gentlewoman of such a birth, such a wealth, haue had such a breeding, and so foorth, and of such a carriage, and such qualitie, and so forth: to set it off the better, old *Jack Hornet* shall take vpon him to bee my Father.

Leuer. Excellent, with a chaine about his neck and so forth.

Doll. For that, Saint Martins and wee will talke: I know vve shall haue Gudgions bite presently: if they doe boyces, you shall liue like Knights fellowes; as occasion serues, you shall vveare liueries and vvaite, but vvh'en Gulls are my wnde-falls, you shall be Gentlemen, and keepe them company: secke out *Jack Hornet* incontinently.

Leuer. Wee will: come *Charely*, vveele playe our partes I warrant.

Doll.

NO KITH-WARD HOE.

Doll. Doe so:—

The world's a stage, from which strange shapes we borrow:
To day we are honest, and ranke knaues to morrow. *Exsunt.*

Enter Maybery, Bellamont, and a Prentice.

May. Where is your Mistris, villaine? when went she abroad?

Prent. Abroad Sir, why assoone as she was vp Sir.

May. Vp Sir, downe Sir, so sir: Maister Bellamont, I will tell
you a strange secret in Nature, this boy is my wiues bawd.

Bell. O fie sir, fie, the boy he doe's not looke like a Bawde, he
has no double chin.

Prent. No sir, nor my breath does not stinke, I smell not of
Garlick or *Aqua-vita*: I vse not to bee drunke with Sack and
Sugar: I swere not God dam me, if I know vwhere the party is,
when tis a lye and I doe know: I was never Carted (but in har-
uest) never vwhipt but at Schoole: never had the Grincoins:
never sold one Maiden-head ten seuerall times, first to an *Eng-*
lishman, then to a *Welshman*, then to a *Dutchman*, then to a poc-
kie *Frenchman*, I hope Sir I am no Bawd then.

May. Thou art a *Baboune*, and holdst me with trickes, vwhilst
my Wife grafts, grafts, away, crudge, run, search her out by land,
and by water.

Prent. Well Sir, the land Ile ferret, and after that Ile search
her by water, for it may be shes gone to *Brainford*. *Exit.*

Mayb. Inquire at one of mine Aunts.

Bell. One of your Aunts, are you mad?

Mayb. Yea, as many of the twelue companies are, troubled,
troubled.

Bell. Ile chide you: goe too, Ile chide you soundly.

May. Oh maister *Bellamont*!

Bell. Oh Maister *Maybery*! before your Servant to daunce a
Lancashire Hoine-pipe: it shewes worse to mee then dancing
does to a deafe man that sees not the fiddles: Sfoot you talke
like a Player.

Mayb. If a Player talke like a mad-man, or a foole, or an
Asse, and knowes not vwhat hee talkes, then I me one: you are
a Poet Maister *Bellamont*, I vwill bestow a piece of Plate vpon
you to bring my wife vpon the Stage, wud not her humor please
Gentlemen.

NORTHWARD HOE.

Bella. I thinke it would : yours wud make Gentlemen as fatt as fooles : I wud giue two peeces of Plate, to haue you stand by me, when I were to write a iealous mans part : Jealous men are eyther knaues or Coxcombes, bee you neither : you weare yellow hose without cause.

May. With-out cause, when my Mare beares double : with-out cause ? *Bell.* And without wit.

May. When two Virginall lacks skip vp, as the key of my instrument goes downe ! *Bel.* They are two wicked elders.

May. When my wiues ring does snoake for't.

Bell. Your wiues ring may deceiue you.

May. O Maister Bellamont ! had it not beene my wife had made me a Cuckold, it should never haue greeued mee.

Bel. You wrong her vpon my soule.

Mai. No, she wrongs me vpon her body.

Enter a Seruicingman.

Bel. Now blew-bottle ? what flutter you for Sea-pye ?

Ser. Not to catch fish Sir, my young Maister, your sonne maister Philip is taken prisoner. *Bel.* By the Dunkirks.

Ser. Worse : by Catch-polls : hee's encountered.

Bel. Shall I never see that prodigall come home.

Ser. Yes Sir, if youle fetch him out, you may kill a Calf for him. *Bel.* For how much lyes he ?

Ser. The debt is foure score pound, marry he chargde mee to tell you it was foute score and ten, so that he lies onely for the odde ten pound.

Bel. His childs part shal now be paid, this mony shal be his last, & this vexation the last of mine : if you had such a sonne maister Maiberie. *Mai.* To such a wife, twere an excellent couple.

Bel. Release him, and release me of much sorrow, I will buy a Sonne no more : goe redeeme him. Enter Prentice and

Prent. Here's the party Sir.

Maiberierwife.

Mai. Hence, and lock fast the dores, now is my prize.

Prent. If she beate you not at your owne weapon, wud her Buckler were cleft in two peeces. *Exie.*

Bel. I will not haue you handle her too roughly.

Mai. No, I will like a Iustice of peace, grow to the point: are not you a whore : never start: thou art a Cloth-worker, and hast curnd me.

Wife.

NORTH-WARD HOE.

Wife. How Sir, into what Sir, haue I turn'd you?

May. Into a Civill Suite: into a sober beast: a Land-rat, a Cuckold: thou art a common bedfellow, art not? art not?

Wif. Sir this Language, to me is strange, I understand it not.

May. O! you studie the french now.

Wife. Geod Sir, lend me patience.

May. I made a ballade of that herbe: doest see these flesh-hookes, I could teare out those false eyes, those Cats eyes, that can see in the night: punck I could.

Bel. Heare her answer for her selfe.

Wif. Good Maister Bellomont,

Let him not do me violence: deere Sir,

Should any but your selfe shoote out these names,

I would put off all female modesty,

To be reueng'd on him.

May. Know'lt thou this ring? there has bin old running at the ring since I went.

Wife. Yes Sir, this ring is mine, he was a villayne,

That stole it from my hand: he was a villayne:

That put it into yours.

May. They were no villaynes,

When they stood stourly for me: tooke your part:

And stead of collours fought vnder my sheetes.

Wife. I know not what you meane.

May. They lay with the: I meane plaine dealing.

Wife. With me! if euer I had thought vncleane,

In detestation of your nuptiall pillow:

Let *Sulpher* drop from Heauen, and naile my body

Dead to this earth: that slauie, that damned fury

(Whose whips are in your tongue to torture me)

Casting an eye vnlawfull on my cheeke,

Haunted your thre-shold daily, and threw forth

All tempting baytes which lust and credulous youth,

Apply to our fraile sex: but those being weake

The second seige he layd was in sweete wordes.

May. And then the breach was made.

Bel. Nay, nay, heare all.

Wife. At last he takes me sitting at your doze,

NORTH-WARD HOE.

Seizes my palme, and by the charme of othes
(Back to restore it straight) he won my hand,
To crowne his finger with that hoope of gold.
I did deindant it, but he mad with rage
And with desires vnbrideled, fled and vow'd,
That ring should mee vndo: and now belike
His spells haue wrought on you. But I beseech you,
To dare him to my face, and in meane time
Deny me bed-roome, drieue me from your board,
Disgrace me in the habit of your slauie,
Lodge me in some discomfortable vault
Where neither Sun nor Moone may touch my sight,
Till of this slander I my soule acquite.

Bei. Guiltlesse vpon my soule.

Mary. Troth so thinke I.

I now draw in your bow, as I before
Suppos'd they drew in mine: my stremme of ielozie,
Ebs back againe, and I that like a horse
Ran blind-fold in a Mill (all in one circle)
Yet thought I had gon fore-right, now spy my error:
Villaines you haue abus'd me, and I vow
Sharp vengeance on your heads: drieue in your teares
I take your word ya're honest, which good men,
Very good men will scarce do to their wiues.
I will bring home these serpents and allow them,
The heate of mine owne bosome: wife I charge you
Set out your hauiours towards them in such colours,
As if you had bin their whore, Ile haue it so,
Ile candy o're my words, and fleeke my brow,
Intreate 'em that they would not point at me,
Nor mock my hornes, with this Arme Ile embrase 'em
And with this—go too.

Wife. Oh we shall haue murder---you kill my heart.

Mary. No: I will shed no bloud,
But I will be reueng'd they that do wrong
Teach others way to right: Ile fetch my blow
Faire and a far off, and as Feneers vse
Tho at the foote I strike, the head Ile bruize.

Enter Philip
and servant
Bei.

NORTH-WARD HOE.

Bel. Ile ioyne with you : lets walke:oh!heres my Sonne.
Welcome a shone Sir : from whence come you pray.

Phil. From the house of praier and fasting---the Counter.

Bel. Art not , thou ashamed to bee seene come out of a prison.

Phil. No Gods my Judge , but I was ashamed to goe into prison.

Bel. I am told sir,that you spend your credit and your coine vpon a light woman.

Phil. I ha seene light gold sir, passe away amongst Mercers.

Bel. And that you haue layd thirty or fortie pounds vpon her back in taffaty gownes, and silke petticoates.

Phil. None but Taylors will say so , I nere lay'd any thing vpon her backe : I confesse I tooke vp a petticoate and a raiz'd fore-part for her, but who has to do with that ?

May. Mary that has every body Maister *Philip*.

Bel. Leaue her company , or leaue me,for shée's a woman of an ill name.

Phil. Her name is *Dorothy* sir, I hope that's no ill name.

Bel. What is shē? what wilt thou do with her?

Phil. Sbloud sir what does he with her?

Bel. Doest meane to marry her? of what birth is shē? what are her commings in what does shē liue vpon?

Philip. Rents sir, Rents , shē liues vpon her Rents , and I can haue her.

Bel. You can.

Phil. Nay father , if destiny dogge mee I must haue her : you haue often tould mee the nine Muses are all women , and you deale with them , may not I the better bee allowed one than you so many? looke you Sir , the Northerne man loues white-mates , the Southerne man Sallades , the Essex man a Calfe , the Kentishman a Wag-taile , the Lancashire man an Egg-pie , the Welshman Leekes and Cheese , and your Londoners rawe Mutton , so Father god-boy , I was borne in London.

Bella. Stay , looke you Sir , as hee that liues vpon Sallades without Mutton , feedes like an Oxe , for hee eates

grasse

NORTH-WARD HOE.

grasse you knowe) yet sizes as hungry as an Aſſe, and as hee
that makes a dinner of leekes will haue leane cheekeſ, ſo, thou
ſoſliſh Londoner, if nothing but raw mutton can diet thee,
looke to liue like a foole and a ſlaue, and to die like a begger and
a knaue, come Maiftre Maiberie, farewell boy.

Phil. Farewell father Snot — Sir if I haue her, Ile ſpend
more in muſtard & vineger in a yare, then both you in beeſe.

Bob. More ſaucy knaue thou. Exeunt.

Actus 2. Scen. 1.

Enter Hornet, Doll, Leuerpoole and Chartly like ſeruingmen.

Horn. **A**M I like a fidlers base violl (new ſet vp,) in a good
aſe boies? iſt neate, is it teſte! am I hanſome? ha'

Om. Admirable, excellent.

Dol. An vnder ſheriffe cannot couer a knaue more cunningly.

Lenor. Sfoot iſ he ſhould come before a Churche. warden, he
wud make him peu-fellow with a Lords ſteward at leaſt.

Horn. If I had but a ſtaffe in my hand, fooles wud thiſke I
were one of *Simon* and *Iudes* gentleſmen vſhers, and that my ap-
parell were hit'd: they ſay three Taylors go to the making vp of
a man, but I me ſure I had four Taylors and a halfe went to the
making of me thus: this Suite tho' it ha bin canuſt well, yet tis
no law-luite, for twas diſpatcht ſooner than a poſſet on a wed-
ding night.

Dol. Why I tel thee lack *Hornet*, iſ the Diuel and all the Bro-
kers in long lane had riſled their wardtob, they wud ha beene
dambd before they had fittet thee thus.

Horn. Punck, I ſhall bee a ſimple ſather for you: how does
my chaine ſhow now I walke.

Dol. If thou wer hung in chaines, thou couldeſt not ſhow
better.

Chart. But how ſit our blew-coates on our backes.

Dol. As they do vpon banckrount retainerſ backes at Saint
Georges feaſt in London: but at *VWestminster*, It makes 'em ſcorne
the badge of their occupation: there the bragging velure-can-
ond hobbi-horſes, prauice vp and downe as iſ ſome a the
Tilters had riſſen 'em.

Horn. Nay Sfoot, iſ they be banckrounts, tis like ſome haue riſſen

IV. OR THE WARD HOE.

'em : and there-upon the Citizens Procurer rises, when hee
sayes; he trusts to a broken staffe.

*Doll, Hornet, now you play my Father, take heed you be not
out of your part, and shame your adopted Daughter.*

*Horn, I will looke grauely Doll, (doe you see boyes) like the
fore-man of a Jury : and speake wisely like a Latin Schoole-
maister, and be surly and dogged, and proud like the Keeper of
a prison.*

Leuer, You must lie horribly, when you talke of your lands.

*Horn, No shop-keeper shall out lye mee, nay, no Fencer
when I hem boyes, you shall deck : when I cough and spit gob-
bets Doll.*

Doll, The pox shall be in your lungs Hornet.

Horn, No Doll, these with their high shooes shall tread me out.

*Doll, All the lessons that I ha prickt out for 'em, is when the
Wether-cock of my body turnes towards them, to stand bare.*

Horn, And not to be sawcie as Seruyngh-men are.

Char, Come, come, we are no such creatures as you take vs for.

*Dol, If we haue but good draughts in my peeter-boate, fresh
Salmon you sweete villaines shall be no meate with vs.*

*Horn, Sfoot nothing moues my choller, but that my chaine
is Copper : but tis no matter, better men than old *Jack Hornet*
haue rode vp Holburne, with as bad a thing about their neckes
as this : your right whiffler indeed hangs himselfe in Saint
Martins, and not in Cheape-side.*

*Doll, Peace, some-body rings : run both, whilst he has the
the rope in's hand, if it be a prize, hale him, if a man a war, blow
him vp, or hang him out at the maine yeards end.*

*Horn, But what ghost, (hold vp my fine Gircle) what ghosts
haunts thy house ?*

*Doll, Oh ! why diuerse : I haue a Clothiers Factoy or two ; a
Grocer that would faine Pepper me, a *Welsh Capraine* that laies
hard sciege, a *Dutch Marchat*, that would spend al that he's able
to make ith' low countries, but to take meaue of my Holland
sheetes when I lye in 'em ; I haue trampling : 'tis my Flemish
Hoy.*

Enter Leuerpoole, Cherdly, and Hans van Leich.

Hans, Dar is bin you, and bin you : een, wees, wees, hier, end

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vine skilling, drunks Skellum vpsie frēse: rempt, dats v
drinck gelt.

Louer. Till our crownes crack agen Maister Hans van Belch.
Hans. How ist met you, how ist vrs? vrolick?

Doll. Ick bare well God dertie you: Nay I me an apt schol-
ler and can take.

Hans. Datt is good, dott is good: Ick can niet stay leng:
for Ick heb en skip come now vpon de vater: O mine schō-
men bro, wee shall daunce lanteera, teera, and sing Ick brincks
to you min here, han: --- wat man is dat bro.

Horn. Nay pray sir on.

Hans. Wat honds foot is dat Dorothy.

Doll. Tis my father.

Hans. Gotts Sacrament! your vader! why seyghen you niet
so to me! mine heart tis mine all great desire, to call you
mine vader ta for Ick loue dis schonen bro your dochterkin.

Horn. Sir you are welcome in the way of honesty.

Hans. Ick bedanck you: Ick heb so ghe founden vader.

Horn. Whats your name I pray.

Hans. Mun nem bin Hans van Belch.

Horn. Hans Van Belch!

Hans. Yau, yau, tis so, tis so, de dronken man is alteet re-
member me.

Horn. Doe you play the marchant, sonne Belch.

Hans. Yau vader: Ick heb de skip s' i'm now vpon de vater
if you endouty, goe vp in de little skip dat goe so, and bee
puld vp to Wapping, Ick sal beare you on my backe, and
hang you about minn neck into minn groet skip.

Horn. He Sayes Doll, he would haue thee to Wapping and
hang thee.

Doll. No Father I vnderstand him, but maister Hans, I would
not be seene hanging about any mans neck, to be counted his
Iewell, for any gold.

Horn. Is your father liuing Maister Hans:

Hans. Yau, yau, min vader heb schonen husen in Aus-
burgh groet mine heare is mine vaders broder, mine vader
heb land, and bin full of see, dat is beasts, cattell

Char. He's lowzy be-like.

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Hans. Min vader bin de grotest looker in all Ausbrough,

Dol. The greatest what?

Leuer. Looker he laies.

Dol. Out vpon him.

Han. Paw yaw, looker is en groet min here hees en el-
derman vane Citty, gois sacrament, wat is de clock? Ick met
stay. A watch.

Hor. Call his watch before you, if you can.

Dol. Her's a pretty thing: do these wheeles spin vp the houres?
whats a clock.

Han. Acht: yaw tis acht.

Dol. We can heare neither clock, nor Jack going, wee dwell in
such a place that I feare I shall never finde the way to Church,
because the belis hang so farre; Such a watch as this, would
make me go downe with the Lamb, and be vp with the Lark.

Hans. Seghent ynu so, doz it to.

Dol. Ofie: I doc but iest, for in trueth I could never abide a
watch.

Han. Gotts sacrament, Ick niet heb it any more.

Exeunt Leuer-poole and Chartly.

Dol. An other peale I good father lanch out this hollander.

Hor. Come Maister Belch, I will bring you to the water-side,
perhaps to Wapping, and there ile leaue you.

Han. Ick b. vanch you vader. Exit.

Dol. They say Whores and bawdes go by clocks, but what a
Manasles is this to buy twelue houres so deereley, and then bee
begd out of 'em so easly: heele be out at heeles shortly sure for
he's out about the clockes already: O foolish young man how
doest thou spend thy time?

Enter Leuer-poole first, then Allom and Chartly.

Leuer. Your grocer.

Dol. Nay Sfoot, then ile change my tune: I may cause such
leaden-heeld rascalls; out of my sight: a knife, a knife I say: O
Maister Allom, if you loue a woman, draw out your knife and
vndo me, vndo me.

All. Sweete misstris Dorothy, what should you do with a knife,
its ill medling with edge tooles, what's the matter Maisters!
knife God blesse vs.

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Len. Sfoot what tricks at noddy are these.

Do. Oh I shal burst, if I cut not my lace: I'me so vexing father he's ridde to Court: one was about a matter of a 1000. pound weight; and one of his men, like a roague as he is, is rid another way for rents, I loekt to haue had him vp yesterday, and vp to day, and yet hee shoues not his head; sure he's run away, or robd & run thorough; and here was a scriuener but euen now, to put my father in minde of a bond, that wilbe forfit this night if the mony be not payd Maister *Allom*. Such crosse fortune!

Allom. How much is the bond?

Ch. wt. O rare little villaine.

Dol. My father could take vp, vpon the barenesse of his word fife hundred pound: and fife toe.

Allom. What is the debt?

Dol. But hee scornes to bee---and I scorne to bee---

Allom. Price thee sweete Mistris *Dorothy* vex not, how much is it?

Dol. Alias Maister *Allom*, tis but poore fifty pound.

Allom. If that bee all, you shall vpon your worde take vp so much with me: another time ile run as far in your booke.

Dol. Sir, I know not how to repay this kindnesse: but when my father ---

All. Tush, tush, tis not worth the talking: Iust 50 pound? when is it to be payd.

Dol. Betweene one and two. *Len.* That's weethre.

Allom. Let one of your men goe along, and ile send your fifty pound!

Dol. You so bind mee sir, --- goe firra: Maister *Allom*, I ha some quinces brought from our house ith Country to preserue, when shall we haue any good Suger come ouer? the warres in Barbary make Siger at such an excessiue rate; you pay sweetely now I warrant, sir do you not.

All. You shal haue a whole chest of Suger if you please.

Dol. Nay by my faith foure or fife loues wil be enough, and Ile pay you at my first child Maister *Allom*.

Allom. Content ifaith, your man shall bring all vnder one, ile borro --- of you at parting.

Enter Captaine Iynkins.

Dol.

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Dol. You shall sir, I borrow more of you. *Ex. Alle. & Len.*
Charr. Saue you Captaine.

Dol. Welcome good captaine *Jynkyns*.

Captaine. What is hee a Barber Surgeon, that drest your
lippes so.

Dol. A Barber! hee's may Taylor; I bidde him measure how
hee,hee would make the standing collar of my new Taffatic
Gowne before, and hee as Tailors wilbe sawcie and lickerish,
laid mee ore the lippes.

Captaine. Vds bloud ile laie him crosse vpon his coxcomb
next daie.

Dol. You know tis not for a Gentlewoman to stand with a
kuaue, for a small matter, and so I wud not striue with him, one-
lie to be rid of him.

Capt. If I take Maister prick-louse ramping so heie againe,
by this Iron(which is none a gods Angell) ile make him know
how to kisse your blind cheeke sooner: mistris *Dorothy Hornet*,
I wud not haue you bee a hornet, to liche at Cowherds,
but to sting such shrcds of rascallity: will you sing a Tailor shall
haue mee my ioy?

Dol. Captaine, ile bee lead by you in any thing! a Taylor!
foh.

Capt. Of what stature or size haue you a stomach to haue your
hus band now?

Dol. Of the meanest stature Captaine, not a size longer than
your selfe, nor shorter.

Capt. By god, tis wel said: all your best Captaine in the Low-
countries are as taller as I: but why of my pitch Mistris Dol?

Dol. Because your smallest Arrowes flie farthest; ali you
little hard-fauord villaine, but sweete villaine, I loue thee bee-
cause thou't draw a my side, hang the roague that wil not fight
for a woman.

Capt. Vds blotild, and hange him for vise than a roague that
will slash and cut for an oman, if she be a whore.

Dol. Pree the good Captaine *Jynkyns*, teach mee to speake
some welch, mee thinkes a Welch is tonge
the neatest tongue!

Capt. As any tongue in the wld, vniuersall *Crammer*, that's vise.

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Dol. How do you say, I loue you with all my heart,

Cap. *Micara whee, en bellon.*

Dol. *Micarawbee, en hel-hound.*

Cap. *Hel.hound, o mondu, my cara whee, en bellon.*

Dol. *O, my cara whee en bellon.*

Cap. Oh! and you went to wryting schoole twenty score
yeare in *Wales*, by *Sesu*, you cannot haue better vtterance, for
welch.

Dol. Come tit mee, come tat mee, come throw a kisse at
me, how is that?

Cap. By gad I kanow not, what your tit mees, and tat mees are,
but *mee uatha* ——— Sbloud I know what kusses be, as wel
as I know a Welch hooke, if you will goe downe with Shrop-
shire cariers, you shal haue Welch enough in your pellies forty
weekes.

Dol. Say Captaine that I should follow your colours into
your Country how should I fare there?

Cap. Fare? by *Sesu*, O there is the most abominable seere!
and wider siluer pots to drinck in, and softer peds to lie vpon &
do out necessary pusines, and fairer houses, and parkes, & holes
for Conies, and more money, besides tosted Sees and butter-
milke in *Northwales* diggon: besides, harpes, & Welch Freeze,
and Goates, and Cow-heeles, and Metheglin, ouh, it may be set
in the Kernicles, wil you march thither?

Dol. Not with your Shrop-shire cariers, Captaine.

Cap. Will you go with Captaine *Jenkin* and see his Couzen
Maddoc vpon *Jenkin* there, and ile run hedlongs by and by, &
batter away money for a new Coach to iolt you in.

Dol. Bestow your Coach vpon me, & two young white Mares,
and you shall see how Ile ride.

Cap. Will you by all the leekes that are worne on Saint Da-
uies daie I will buy not only a Coach, with fourte wheeles, but
also a white Mare and a stone horse too, because they shal trav-
you, very lustily, as if the diuill were in their arses. *Exit.*

How novv, more Tailors ——— *Meetes Phillip.*

Phi. How sit; Taylors.

Dol. O good Captaine, tis my Couzen.

Enter *Leverpools* at another dore.

Cap.

Cap. Is he, I will Couzen you then sir too, one day.

Phil. I hope sir then to Couzen you too.

Cap. By gad I hōbe so, fare-well Sidanien. *Exit.*

Leuer. Her's botht money, and suger.

Dol. O sweete villaine, set it vp. *Exit, and Enter presently.*

Phil. Sfoot, what tame fuaggerer was this I met Doll.

Dol. A Capitaine, a Capitaine: but hast scap't the Dunkerks honest Philip? Philip ryalls are not more welcome: did thy father pay the shot?

Phil. He paɪ'd that shot, and then shot pistolets into my pockets: harke wench: chinck chink, makes the punck wanton and the Baud to winck. *Capers.*

Chart. O rare musick.

Leuer. Heauenly confort, better than old Moones.

Phil. But why? why Dol, goe these two like Beadells in blewīha?

Dol. Theres a mōrall in that: flea off your skins, you pretious Caniballs: O that the welch Capitaine were here a-gaine, and a drum with him, I could march now, ran, tan, tan, ta-ra, ran, tan, tan, sirra Philip has thy father any plate in's house.

Phil. Enough to set vp a Gold-smithes shop.

Dol. Canst not borrow some of it? wee shall haue guests to morrow or next day, and I wud serue the hungry rag-a-muffins in plate, tho twere none of mine owne.

Phil. I shall hardly borrow it of him but I could get one of mine Aunts, to beate the bush for mee; and she might get the bird.

Dol. Why pree the, let me bee one of thine Aunts, and doe it for me then. As I me vertuous and a Gentlewoman ile restore.

Phil. Say no more, tis don.

Dol. What manner of man is thy father? Sfoot ide fainesee the witty Monkyn because thou sayst he's a Poet: ile tell thee, what ile do: *Leuer-poole* or *Charity*, shall like my Gentleman vs-her goe to him, and say such a Lady sends for him, about a sonnet or an epitaph for her child that died at nurse, or for some deuice about a maske or so; if he comes you shall stand in a corner, and see in what State ile beare my selfe: he does not know me, nor my lodging.

Phil. No, no.

Dol.

Doll. Is a iatch Sirs? shal ls be iury with him and his iuse,
Om. Agreed, any scaffold to execute knaury vpon.

Doll. Ile send then my vant-curtier presently: in the meane
time, matche ~~her~~ the Captaine, scoundrels, come hold me vp:
Looke how ~~Sabris~~ sunck ith' riuer Seuerne,
So will we soure be drunke ith' ship-wrack Tauerne. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bellamont, Maybery, and Mistresse Maybery.

May. Come, Wife, our two gallants will be here presently:
I haue promist them the best of entertainment, with protestation
neuer to reveale to thee their slander: I will haue thee beare
thy selfe, as if thou madest a feast vpon Simon and Iudes day, to
country Gentlewomen, that came to see the Pageant, bid them
extreamly welcome, though thou wish their throats cut; 'tis in
fashion. *Wife.* O God I shall neuer indure them.

Bell. Induse them, you are a foole: make it your case, as it
may be many-womens of the Freedome; that you had a friend
in priuate, whom your husband should lay to his bosome: and
he in requitall should lay his wife to his bosome: what treads of
the toe, salutations by winckes, discourse by bitings of the lip,
amorous glances, sweete stolne kisses when your husbands
backs turn'd, would passe betweene them, beare your selfe to
Greenefield, as if you did loue him for affecting you so intirely,
not taking any notice of his iourney, & heile put more tricks vpon you:
you told me *Greenefield* meanes to bring his Sister to
your house, to haue her boord here.

May. Right, shee's some crackt demy-culuerin, that hath mis-
carried in seruice: no matter though it be some charge to me for
a tyme, I care not. *Wife.* Lord was there euer such a husband?

May. Why, wouldst thou haue me suffer their tonges to run
at large, in Ordinaries and Cock-pits; though the Knaues doe
lye, I tell you Maister Bellamont, lyes that come from Sterne
lookes, and Satin out-sides, and guilt Rapier~~s~~ also, will be put vp
and goe for currant. (mans discredit.

Bell. Right sir, 'tis a small sparke, giues fire to a beautifull wo-

May. I will therefore vse them like informing knaues, in this
kinde, make vp their mouthes with siluer, and after bee reueng'd
vpon them: I was in doubt I shoulde haue growne fat of late: &
it were not for law suites: and feare of our wiues, which men

should

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should grow out of all compasse : they come, my worthy friends welcome : looke my wiues colour rises already.

Green. You haue not made her acquainted with the discouery.

May. O by no meanes : yee see Gentlemen the affection of an old man ; I would faine make all whole agen. Wife glue entertainment to our new acquaintance, your lips wife, any woman may lend her lips without her husbands priuity tis allowable.

Wife. You are very welcome; I thinke it be neare dinner time Gentlemen: Ile will the maide to couer, and returne presently.

Bell. Gods pretious why doth she leaue them? *Exit.*

May. O I k. now her sto:ack: shee is but retirede into another chamber, to use her heart with crying a little: it hath euer bin her humor, she hath done it 5. or 6. times in a day, when Courtiers haue beene here, if any thing hath bin out of order, and yet very rettely laught and bin as merry: & how is it Gentlemen, / you are well acquainted with this roome, are you not?

Green. I had a dellicage banquet once on that table. (chamber.

May. In good time: but you are better acquainted with my bed

Bell. Were the cloath of gold Cushins set forth at your entertainment?

Feth. Yes Sir.

May. And the cloath of Tiffew Valance,

Feth. They are very rich ones. (furniture.

May. God refuse me, they are lying Rascols, I haue no such

Green. I protest it was the strangest, and yet with-all the happiest fortune that wee should meete you two at Ware, that euer redeemed such desolate actions: I would not wrong you agen for a nullion of Londons.

May. No, do you want any money? or if you be in debt, I am a hundred pound ith' Subsidie, command mee.

Feth. Alas good Gentleman; did you euer read of the like pacience in any of your ancient Romans?

Bell. You see what a sweet face in a Velvet cap can do, your citties wiues are like Partriges, the hens are better then the cocks.

Feth. I beleue it in troth, Sir you did obserue how the Gentlewoman could not containe her selfe, when she saw vs enter.

Bell. Right.

Feth. For thus much I must speake in allowance of her modeſtie, when I had her most priuate she would bluſh extremely.

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Bell. I, I warrant you, and aske you if you would haue such a great sinne lie vpon your conscience, as to lie with another mans wife.

Feth. Introth she would.

Bell. And tell you there were maides inough in london, if a man were so vitiously giuen, whose Portions would helpe them to husbands though gentlemen gaue the first onset.

Feth. You are a merry ould gentleman infaith Sir: much like to this was her langwage.

Bell. And yet clipe you with as voluntary a bosome; as if she had fallen in loue with you at some Innes a court reuels; and invited you by letter to her lodging.

Feth. Your knowledge Sir, is perfect without any information.

May. Ile goe see what my wife is doing gentlemen, when my wife enters shew her this ring; and twill quite all suspition. *Exit.*

Feth. Dost heare *Luke Greenfield* wil thy wife by here presently.

May. I, left my boy to waight vpon her, by this light, I think God prouides; for if this citizen had not out of his ouerplus of kindnes proferd her, her diet and lodging vnder the name of my sister, I could not haue told what shift to haue made; for the greatest part of my mony is revolred; weeke make more vse of him, the whoresō rich Inkeeper of *Doneaster* her father shewed himselfe aranke ofter: to send her vp at this time a yare; and and by the carier to, twas but a iades strike of him.

Feth. But haue you instructed her to call you brother?

Green. Yes and shal do it, I left her at *Bosomes Inne*, shal be here, presently. *Enter Maybery.*

May. Maister *Greensbeild* your sister is come; my wife is enter-taining her, by the masse I haue bin vpon her lips already, Lady you are welcome, looke you maister *Greensfield*, because your sister is newly come out of the fresh ale, and that to be pent vp in a narrow lodging here ith' cattie may offend her health she shall lodge at a garden house of mine in *More feilds* where if it please you and my worthy friend heare to beare her company your seuerall lodgings and Iointcommones (to the poore ability of a citizen) shal be prouided: *Feth.* O God Sir,

May. Nay no complement your loues command it: shal be to dinner Gentlemen, come maister *Bellamont* Ile be the Gentleman vsher to this faire Lady.

Gree. Here is your ring Mistris; a thousand times, ---and

would haue willingly lost my best of maintenance that I might haue found you halfe so tractable.

Wif. Sir I am still my selfe, I know not by what means you haue grown vpô my husbâd, he is much deceaued in you I take it: will you go in to dinner—O God that I might haue my wil of him & it were not for my husbâd ide scratch out his eyes prefetly. *Ex.*

Fer. Welcome to Londô bonny misfiris Kate, thy husband little dreams of the familiarity that hath past betwene thee & I Kate.

Kate. Noe matter if hee did: he ran away from me like a base flauie as he was, out of *Yorke-shire*, and pretended he would goe the land voiage, since I neere heard of him till within this fortnight: can the world condamne me for entertayning a friend, that am vsed so like an Infidel?

Fe. I think uot, but if your husbâd knew of this he'd be deuorit.

Rat. Hee were an asle then, no wisemen should deale by their wiues as the sale of ordinance passeth in *Engläd*, if it breake the first discharge the warkman is at the losse of it, if the second the Marchant, & the workman ioyntly, if the third the Marchant, so in our case, if a woman proue false the first yeaire, turne her vpon her fathers neck, if the second, turne her home to her father but allow her a portion, but if she hould pure mettaile two yeaire & flie to seueral peeces, in the third, repaire the ruines of her honestie at your charges, for the best peece of ordinance, may bee crackt in the casting, and for women to haue cracks and flauies, alas they are borne to them, now I haue held out fourre yeaire, doth my husband do any things about *Londô* doth he swagger?

Feth. O as tame as a fray in Fleetstreete, when their are no-body to part them.

Rat. I ever thought so, we haue notable valiant fellowes about *Doncaster*, theile giue the lie and the stab both in an instant.

Feth. You like such kind of man-hood best Kate.

Rat. Yes introth for I think any woman that loues her frieđ, had rather haue him stand by it then lie by it, but I pray thee tel me, why must I be quarterd at this Cittizens garden house, say you.

Fe. The discoule of that wil set thy bloud on fire to be reuegd on thy husbands forehead peece. *Ent.* Bella, & *Maiſt.* Maybe.

Wif. Wil you go in to dinner sir? *Rat.* Wil you lead the way

Wif. No sweete forsothe weele follow you. (forsooth)

NORTHWARD HOE.

○ Maiter Bellamore: as euer you tooke pitty vpon the simplicitey of a poore abused gentlewoman: wil you tell me one thing.
Bell, Any thing sweet Mistris Mayberrie.

Wife, I but will you doe it faithfully?

Bell, As I respect your acquaintance I shall doe it.

Wife, Tell me then I beseech you, doe not you thinke this minx is some noughty packe whome my husband hath fallen in loue with, and meaneas to keepe vnder my nose at his garden house.

Bell, No vpon my life is she not,

Wife, O I cannot beleue it, I know by her eies she is not honest, why should my husband proffer them such kindnes? that haue abused him and me: fointollerable: and wil not suffer me to speake, theres the lieutant not suffer me to speake.

Bell, Fie fie, he doth that like a vicerie, that will vse a man with all kiudnes, that he may be cotelie of paying his mony, vpon his day, and after wards take the extremitie of the forfature; your icalouise is Idle: say this were true, it lies in the boosome of a sweete wife to draw her husband from any loose imperfection, from wenching, from icalouise, from coustuousnes, from crabbnedes, which is the old mans common disease, by her politiske yealding.

Bell, She maye doe it from crabbnedes, for example I haue knowne as tough blades as any are in England broke vpon a fetherbed, — come to dinner,

Wife, Ile be ruled by you Sir, for you are very like mine vncle.

Bell, Suspition workes more mischiefe growes more strong, To seuer chaff beds them apartant wrongs.

Exit.

ACTVS 3. SCENAE 1.

Enter Doll, Chartly Leuerpoole and Phillip.

Phil, Come my little Punkie with thy two Compositors to this vnlawfull painting house, thy pounders a my old poetical dad wilbe here presently: take vp thy State in this chayre, and beare thy selfe as if thou werst talking to thy portegary after the receipt of a purgacion: looke scurtly vpon him: sometimes be merrie and stand vpon thy pantofoles like a new elected scauinger.

Doll.

ANOKI M-WVKD HOE.

Doll. And by and by melancholike like a Tilter that hath
broake his staves foule before his Mistresse.

Phil. Right, for hee takes thee to bee a woman of a great
count : harke vpon my life hee's come.

Doll. See who knocks : thou shalt see mee make a foole of a
Poet, that hath made ffe hundred fooles.

Lauer. Please your new Lady-ship hee's come.

Doll. Is hee ? I should for the more state let him walke some
two houres in an vther roome : if I did owe him money, 'twere
not much out of fashion ; but come enter him : Stay, when we
are in priuate conference send in my Tayler.

Enter Bellamont brought in by Leuerpoole.

Lauer. Looke you my Ladie's a sleepe, shleeke wake presently.

Bell. I come not to teach a Starling sir, God-boy-you.

Lauer. Nay in trueth Sir, if my Lady should but dreame
you had beeene heare.

Doll. Who's that keepes such a prating ?

Lauer. 'Tis I Madam.

Doll. Ile haue you preferd to be a Cryer : you haue an exellent
throate for't : pox a the Poet is he not come yet ?

Lauer. Hee's here Madam.

Doll. Crie you mercy : I ha curst my Monkey for shrewd turnes
a hundred times, and yet I loue it neuer the worse I protest.

Bell. Tis not in fashion deere Lady to call the breaking out of a
Gentlewoman's lips, scabs, but the heate of the Liver.

Doll. So sir : if you haue a sweete breath, and doe not sinell
of swetty linnen, you may draw neerer, neerer.

Bell. I am no friend to Garlick Madam.

Doll. You write the sweeter verse a great deale sir, I haue
heard much good of your wit maister Poet : you do many de-
uises for Cittizens wiues : I care not greatly because I haue a
City Laundreffe already, if I get a Citty Poet too : I haue such
a deuise for you, and this it is. *Enter Tayler.* O welcome
Tayler : do but waite till I dispatch my Tayler, and Ile discouer
my deuise to you.

Bell. Ile take my leaue of your Ladiship.

Doll. No : I pray thee stay : I must haue you swcate for my
deuise Maister Poet.

Phil. He sweat already heleeue it.

Dol. A cup of wine there: what fashion will make a woman haue the best bodie Taylor.

Tay. A short dutch wast with a round eathern-wheele far dingale: a close sleeve with a cartoose colour and a pickadell.

Dol. And what meate will make a woman haue a fine wit Maister Poet.

Bel. Fowle madam is the most light, delicate, & witty feeding.

Dol. Fowle sayst thou: I know them that feede of it every meale, and yet are as arrant fooles as any are in a kingdome of my credit: hast thou don Taylor? now to discouer my deuice sir: Ile drinck to you sir.

Phil. Gods pretious, wee ne're thought of her deuice before, pray god it be any thing tollerable.

Dol. Ile haue you make 22. poesies for a dozen of cheese trenchers.

Phil. O horrible!

Bel. In welch madam? *Dol.* Why in welch sir.

Bel. Because you will haue them seru'd in with your cheese Ladie.

Dol. I will bestow them indeede vpon a welch Captaigne: one that loues cheese better than venson, for if you should but get 3. or 4. Cheshire cheeses and set them a running down Hie gate-hill, he would make more hast after the than after the best kennell of hounds in *England*; what think you of my deuice?

Bel. Fore-god a very strange deuice and a cunning one.

Phil. Now he begins to eye the goblet.

Bel. You should be a kin to the *Bellamente*, you glue the same Armes madam.

Dol. Faith I paid sweetely for the cup, as it may be you and some other Gentleman haue don for their Armes.

Bel. Ha, the same waight: the same fashion: I had three nest of them ghuuen mee, by a Nobleman at the christing of my sonne *Philip*.

Phil. Your sonne is come to full age sir: and hath tane posses sion of the gift of his God-father.

Bel. Ha, thou wilt not kill mee.

Phil. No sir, Ile kill no Poet least his ghost write satires a gainst me.

Bella.

NORTH-WARD HOE.

Bel. What's she? a good common welches woman, shee was borne. *Phil.* For her Country, and has boorne her Country.

Bel. Heart of vertue? what make I here?

Phil. This was the party you rail'd on: I keepe no worse company than your selfe father, you were wont to say *venerie* is like vcery that it may be allowed tho it be not lawfull.

Bel. Wherefore come I hither.

Dol. To make a deuice for cheese-trenchers.

Phil. Ile tell you why I sent for you, for nothing but to shew you that your grauity may bee drawne in: white haire may fall into the company of drabs aswell as red beardes into the society of knaues: would not this woman deceiue a whole camp ith Low-countries, and make one Commander beleue she on-
ly kept her cabbin for him, and yet quarter twenty more in't. *Dol.* Pree the Poet what doest thou think of me.

Bel. I thinke thou art a most admirable, braue, beautifull Whore.

Dol. Nay sir, I was told you would rail: but what doe you thinke of my deuice sir, nay: but you are not to depart yet Mai-
ster Poet: wut sup with me? Ile cashiere all my yong barnicles, & weele talke ouer a peice of mutton and a partridge, wisely.

Bel. Sup with thee that art a common vndertaker? thou that doest promise nothing but watchet eyes, bumbast calues and false peryvigs.

Dol. Pree the comb thy beard with a comb of black leade, it may be I shall affect thee.

Bel. O thy vnlucky starre! I must take my leaue of your wor-
shippe I cannot fit your deuice at this instant: I must desire to borrowv a nest of goblets of you: O villanie! I wud sonie honest Butcher would begge all the queanes and knaues ith Citty and carry them into some other Country they'd sell better than Beeves and Calues: what a vertuous Citty would this bee then! mary I thinke there would bee a few people left int, vds foot, guld with Cheese-trenchers and yokt in entertainment with a Taylor? good,good.

Exit.

Phil. How doest Dol?

Dol. Scurvie, very scurvie.

Esmer. Where shall suppe wench?

Dol. Ile suppe in my bedde: gette you home to your

lodging

NORTHWARD HOE.

edging and come whē I send for you, ô filthy rogue that I am.
Phil. How ! how, mistris Dorothy?

Dol. Saint Antonies fire light in your Spanish flops : vds life,
ille make you know a difference, betweene my mirth and melancholy,
you panderly rogue. Om. We obserue your Ladiship.

Phi. The puncks in her humer—pax. Exit.

Dol. Ille humor you and you pox mee : vds life haue I lien with
a Spaniard of late, that I haue learnt to mingle such water with
my Malago, Other's some securiue thing or other breeding;
how many sevall loues of Plaiers of Vaulters, of Lieuteners
haue I entertain'd besides a runner a the ropes , and now to let
bloud when the signe is at the heart ? should I send him a letter
with some jewel in't, he would require it as lawiers do, that re-
turne a wood-cock pie to their clients, when they send them a
Bason and a Eure, I will instantly go and make my selfe drunke,
till I haue lost my memory, liue a scoffing Poet? Exit.

Enter Lep-frog and Squirill.

Frog. Now Squirill wilt thou make vs acquainted with the
iest thou promist to tell vs of?

Squi. I will discouer it , not as a Darby-shere women discouers
her great teeth, in laughter: but softly as a gentlema courts
a wench behind an Arras : and this it is , yong *Greene*old thy
Maister with *Greene*olds sister lie in my maisters garden-house
here in More-fields. Frog. Right, what of this?

Squi. Mary sir if the Gentlewoman be not his wife, he com-
mits incest, for I me sure he lies with her every night.

Fro. All this I know, but to the rest.

Squi. I will tell thee , the most pollitick trick of a woman,
that ere made a mans face looke witherd and pale like the tree
in Cuckolds Hauen in a great snow: and this it is , my mistris
makes her husband belieue that shee walkes in her sleepe a
nighes, and to confirme this beleefe in him , sondry times shee
hath rizn out of her bed, vnlockt all the dores, gon frō Cham-
ber to Chamber, opend her chests, touz'd among her linnen, &
when he hath wakte & mist her, comming to question why she
coniur'd thus at midnight, he hath found her fast a sleepe, mary
it was Cats sleepe, for you shall heare what prey she watcht for.

Frog. Good; forth.

Squi.

NORTH-WARD HOE.

Squir. I ouer-heard her last night talking with thy Maister, and she pronist him that assoone as her husband was a sleepe, she would walke according to her custome, and come to his Chamber, marrie shée would do it so puritanically, so secretly I meane, that no body should heare of it. *Frog.* Is't possible?

Squir. Take but that corner and stand close, and thine eyes shall witt esse it.

Frog. O intollerable witte, what hold can any man take of a womans honestie.

Squir. Hold? no more hold then of a Bull noynted with Sope, and baited with a shoale of Fidlers in Staffordshire: stand close I heare her comming. *Enter Kate.*

Kate. What a filthy knaue was the shoo-maker, that made my slippers, what a creaking they keepe: O Lord, if there be any power that can make a womans husband sleepe soundly at a pinch, as I haue often read in foolish Poetic that there is, now, now, and it be thy will, let him dreme some fine dreame or other, that hee's made a Knight, or a Noble-man, or some-what whilst I go and take but two kisses, but two kisses from sweete Fetherstone. *Exit.*

Squir. Sfoot hee may well dreame hees made a Knight: for Ile be hangd if she do not dub him.

Green. Was there euer any walking spirit, like to my wife? what reason shoulde there bee in nature for this; I will question some Phisition: nor heare neither vds life, I would laugh if she were in Maister Fetherstones Chamber, shée would fright him, Maister Fetherstone, Maister Fetherstone.

Within Fether. Ha, how now who cal's?

Green. Did you leaue your doore open last night?

Feth. I know not, I thinke my boy did.

Green. Gods light shée's there then, will you know the iest, my wife hath her old tricks, Ile hold my life, my wife's in your chamber, rise out of your bed, and see and you can feele her.

Squir. He will feele her I warrant you? *Gree.* Haue you her sir?

Feth. Not yet sir, shée's here sir.

Enter Fetherstone and Kate in his armes.

Green. So I said eu'en now to my selfe before God la: take her vp in your armes, and bring her hether softly, for feare of waking

NORTHWARD HOE.

her: I never knew the like of this before God ha, alas poore Kate, looke before God; shees asleepe with her eyes open: priticke little roague, Ile wake her, and make her ashamed of it.

Feth. O youle make her sicker then.

Green. I warrant you; would all women thought no more hurt then thou doost, now sweet villaine, Kate, Kate.

Kate. I longd for the metry thought of a pheasant.

Green. She talkes in her sleepe.

Kate. And the foule-gutted *Tripe-wife* had got it, & eate halfe of it: and my colour went and came, and my stomach wambled: till I was ready to sound, but a Mid-wife perceiued it, and markt which way my eyes went; and helpt mee to it, but Lord how I pickt it, twas the sweetest meate me thought.

Squi. O pollitick Mistrisse. Green. Why Kate, Kate?

Kate. Ha, ha, ha, I beshtrew your hart, Lord where am I?

Green. I pray thee be not frightened.

Kate. O I am sick, I am sick, I am sick, O how my flesh trembles: oh some of the *Angelica* water, I shal haue the Mother presently.

Gree. Hold downe her stomach good maister Fetherstone, whiile I fetch some *Exit*. Feth. Well dissembled Kate.

Kate. Pish, I am like some of your Ladies that can be sick when they haue no stomack to lie with their husbands.

Feth. What mischiuous fortune is this: weel haue a iourney to ware Kate, to redeeme this misfortune.

Kate. Well, Cheaters do not win all wayes: that woman that will entertaine a friend, must as well prouide a Closet or Back-doore for him, as a Fether-bed.

Feth. Be my troth I pitty thy husband.

Kate. Pitty him, no man dares call him Cuckold; for he weares Sattin: pitty him, he that will pull downe a mans signe, and set vp hornes, there's law for him.

Feth. Be sick againe, your husband comes.

Enter Greenesfield with a broken skin.

Green. I haue the worst luck; I thinke I get more bumps and firewd turnes ith' darke, how do's she maister Fetherstone.

Feth. Very ill sir, shees troubled with the moother extreamly, I held downe her belly eu'en now, and I might feele it rise.

Kate. O lay me in my bed, I beseech you.

Green.

NORTH-WARD HOE.

"*Gree*, I will finde a remedy for this walking, if all the Doctors in towne can sell it; a thousand pound to a penny she spoile not her face, or breake her neck, or catch a cold that shee may never claw off againe, how doost wench?

Kate. A little recoverd; alas I haue so troubled that Gentleman.

Feth. None ith' world *Kate*, may I do you any farther seruice.

Kate. And I were where I would be in your bed: pray pardon me, waft you Maister *Fetherstone*, hem, I should be well then.

Squi. Marke how she wrings him by the fingers.

Kate. Good night, pray you giue the Gentleman thankes for patience.

Green. Good night Sir.

Feth. You haue a shrewd blow, you were best haue it searcht.

Green. A scratch, a scratch. *Exit*.

Feth. Let me see what excuse should I frame, to get this wench forth a towne with me: Ile perswade her husband to take Phisick, and presently haue a letter framed, from his father in law, to be deliuert that morning for his wife, to come and receive some small parcell of money in *Enfield* chace, at a Keepers that is her Vnkle, then if he not beeing in case to trauell, will intreate me to accompany his wife, weeke lye at *Wards* all night, and the next morning to *London*, Ile goe strike a Tinder, and frame a Letter presently. *Exit*.

Squi. And Ile take the paines to discouer all this to my maister old *Maybey*, there hath gone a report a good while, my Maister hath vsed them kindly, because they haue beene ouer-familiar with his wife, but I see which way *Fetherstone* lookes, ssoote ther's neare a Gentleman of them all shall gull a Citizen, & thinke to go scot-free: though your commons shrinke for this be but secret, and my Maister shall intertaine thee, make thee inflead of handling false Dice, finger nothing but gold and siluer wagge, an old Scruiing-man turnes to a young beggar, whereas a young Prentise may turne to an old Alderman, wilt be secret?

Leap. O God sir, as secret as rushes in an old Ladys Chamber. *Exit*.

ACTVS 4. SCENA 1.

Enter *Bellamont* in his Night-cap, with leaves in his hand,
his man after him with lights, *Standish* and *Paper*.

NORTH-WARD HOE.

Bel. Sitra, Ile speake with none.

Seru. Not a plaier:

Bel. No tho a Sharer ball,

Ile speake with none, altho it be the mouth

Of the big company, Ile speake with none, — away.

Why should not I bee an excellent statesman? I can in the wryting of a tragedy, make *Cesar* speake better than euer his ambition could: when I write of *Pompey* I haue *Pompeies* soule within me, and when I personate a worthy Poet, I am then truly thy selfe, a poore vnpreferd scholler.

Enter his Man hastily.

Seru. Here's a swaggering fellow sir, that speakes not like a man of gods making, swerares he must speake with you and wil speake with you.

Bel. Not of gods making? what is he? a Cuckold?

Seru. He's a Gentleman sir, by his clothes.

Bel. Enter him and his clothes: clothes sometimes are better Gentleman than their Maisters. *Enter the Capaine & the Ser.* is this he? Seeke you me sir.

Cap. I seeke sir, (god plesse you) for a Sentillman, that talkes besides to himselfe when he's alone, as if hee were in Bed-lam, and he's a Poet.

Bel. So sir, it may bee you seeke mee, for I me sometimes out a my wits.

Cap. You are a Poet sir, are you.

Bel. I me haunted with a Fury Sir.

Cap. Pray Maister Poet shute off this little pot-gun, and I will coniure your Fury: tis well lay you sir, my desires are to haue some amiable and amorous sonnet or madrigall composed by your Fury, see you.

Bel. Are you a louer sir of the nine Muses.

Cap. Ow, by gad out a cry. *Cap.* Y'are then a scholler sir.

Cap. I ha pickt vp my cromes in Sesus colladge in Oxford one day a gad while agoe.

Bel. Y'are welcome, y'are very welcome, Ile borrow your judgement looke you sir, I me writyng a Tragedy, the Tragedy of young *Afriana*.

Cap. *Styanax* Tragedy! is he living can you tell? was not *Styanax* a Mon-mouth man?

Bel. O no sir, you mistake, he was a *Troy* one great Heiters Son.

Cap.

NORTH-WVRD HOE.

Cap. Hector was grannam to Cadwallader, when shee was great with child, god vdge me, there was one young *Styaner* of Men-mouth shere was a madder greeke as any is in al *Engläd*.

Bel. This was not he assure yet: looke you sir, I will haue this Tragedy presented in the *French* Court, by *French* Gallants.

Cap. By god your *Frenchmen* will doe a Tragedy enterlude, poggy well.

Bel. It shalbe sir at the marriages of the Duke of *Orleans*, and *Charilion* the admiral of *France*, the stage.

Cap. Vds bloud, does *Orleans* marry with the Admirall of *France* now.

Bel. O sir no, they are two seuerall marriages. As I was saying the stage hung all with black velvet, and while tis acted, my self wil ståd behind the Duke of *Biron*, or some other cheefe minister or so, -- who shall, I they shall take some occasion about the musick of the fourth Act, to step to the *French* King, and say, *Sire, voyla, il est votre tresnoble serviteur, le plus sage, & dinine esprit, monsieur Bellamont*, all in *French* thus poynting at me; or yon is the learned old *English* Gentleman Maister *Bellamont*, a very worthie man, to bee one of your priuy Chamber, or Poet Lawreat.

Cap. But are you sure Duke Pepper-noone wil glue you such good vrdes, behind your back to your face.

Bel. Oh I, I, I man, he's the onely courtier that I know there: but what do you thinke that I may come to by this.

Cap. God vdge mee, all *France* may hap die in your debt for this.

Bel. I am now wryting the description of his death.

Cap. Did he die in his ped.

Bel. You shall heare: suspition is the Mynton of great hearts; no: I will not begin there: I imagine a great man were to be executed about the 7. houre in a gloomy morning.

Cap. As it might bee *Sampson* or so, or great *Golias* that was kild by my Countriman.

Bel. Right sir, thus I expresse it in yong *Astianax*. Now the wilde people greedy of their grieses, Longing to see, that which their thoughts abhord, Prevented day, and rod on their owne roofes.

NORTHWAKD HUE.

Cap. Could the little horse that ambled on the top of Paules,
carry all the people; els how could they ride on the roofes!

Bel. O sir, tis a figure in Poetry, marke how tis followed,
Rod on their owne roofes,

Making all Neighboring houses tilde with men; tilde with
men 'tis not good.

Cap. By Sesu, and it were tilde all with naked Imen twere
better.

Bel. You shall heare no more; pick your eares, they are fowle
sir, what are you sir pray?

Cap. A Captaine sir, and a follower of god *Mars*.

Bel. *Mars, Bachus, and I loue Apollo!* a Captaine! then I par-
don your sir, and Captaine what wud you presse me for?

Cap. For a witty ditty, to a Sentill-oman, that I am faine
in with all, ouer head and eares in affections, and naturall
desires.

Bel. An Acrostick were good vpon her name me thinkes.

Cap. Crossticks; I wud not be too crosse Maister Poet; yet
if it bee best to bring her name in question, her name is mistris
Dorothy Hornet.

Bel. The very consumption that wasts my Sonne, and the
Ayme that hung lately vpon mee: doe you loue this Mistris
Dorothy?

Cap. Loue her! there is no Captaines wife in *England*, can
haue more loue put vpon her, and yet Imesure Captaines wiues,
haue their bellies full of good mens loues.

Bel. And does she loue you? has there past any great matter be-
twenee you?

Cap. As great a matter, as a whole coach, and a horse and his
wife are gon too and fro betweenee vs.

Bel. Is shee? ifayth Captaine, bee valiant and tell truthe, is
she honest?

Cap. Honest? god vdge me, shee's as honest, as a Punck, that
cannot abide fornication, and lechery.

Bel. Looke you Captaine, Ile shew you why I aske, I hope
you thinke my wenching daies are past, yet Sir, here's a letter
that her father, brought me from her, and inforc'd mee to take
this very day.

Enter a Servans and whisperes.

Cap.

NORTH-WARD HOE.

Cap. Tis for some loue--song to send to me, I hold my life;

Bel. This falls out pat, my man tells mee, the party is at my dore, shall she come in Captaine?

Cap. O I, I put her in, put her in I pray now. *Exit Sera.*

Bel. The letter saies here, that she's exceeding sick, and intreats me to visit her: Captaine, lie you in ambush behind the hangings, and perhaps you shall heare the peece of a Comedy: she comes, she comes, make your selfe away.

Cap. Does the Poet play *Torkin* and cast my *Lucrefies* water too in hugger muggers; if he do, *Styanax* Tragedy was never so horrible bloody-minded, as his Comedy shalbe, --- *Tawsons Captaine Jenkyns*. *Enter Doll.*

Dol. Now Maister Poet, I sent for you;

Bel. And I came once at your Ladiships call;

Dol. My Ladiship and your Lordship lie both in one manner; you haue coniur'd vp a sweete spirit in mee haue you not Rimer?

Bel. Why *Medea*! what spirit! wud I were a young man for thy sake.

Dol. So wud I, for then thou couldst doe mee no hurt; now thou doest;

Bel. If I were a yonker, it would be no Inodefty in mee to bee scene in thy company; but to haue snow in the lap of Iunesyile! vyle: yet come; garlick has a white head, and a greene stalke, then why should not I? lets bee merry: what saies the diuill to al the world, for I me sure thou art carnally posseft with him.

Dol. Thou haft a filthy foot, a very filthy cariers foote.

Bel. A filthy shooe, but a fine foote, I stand not ypon my foote I.

Cap. What stands he vpon then? with a pox god blesse vs?

Doll. A legge and a Calfe! I haue had better of a butcher fortie times for carrying a body! not worth begging by a Barber-surgeon.

Bel. Very good, you draw mee and quarter mee, fates keepe mee from hanging.

Dol. And which most turnes vp a womans stomach, thou art an old hoary man: thou haft gon ouer the bridge of many years, and now art ready to drop into a graue: what doe I see then?

NORTHWARD HOE.

in that withered face of thine?

Bell. Wrinkles: gravity.

Doll. Wretchednes: griefe: old fellow thou hast be witchene; I can neither eate for thee, nor sleepe for thee, nor lie quietly in my bed for thee.

Cap. Vdsblood! I did never see a white fleas before I will clinge you?

Doll. I was borne sure in the dogdayes lyme so vnlyk; I, in whome neither a flaxen haire, yellow beard, French doublet, nor Spanish hose, youth nor personage, rich face nor mony cold euer breed a true loue to any, euer to any man, am now besotted, doate, am mad, for the carcass of a man, and as if I were a bau'd, no ring pleases me but a deaths head.

Cap. Sesu, are I men so arsy varsy.

Bell. Mad for me? why if the worme of lust were wrigling within mee as it does in others, doft thinke Ide crawle vpon thee; wud I low after thee, that art a comon calfe-bearer.

Doll. I confess it.

Cap. Doe you, are you a towne cowe and confess you beare calves.

Doll. I confess, I haue bin an Inue for any guest.

Cap. A pogs a your stable-roome; is your Inne a baudy house now?

Doll. I confess (for I ha bin taught to hide nothing from my Surgeon and thou art he) I confess that old stinking Surgeon like thy selfe) whom I call father, that Hornet never swear for me, lyme none of his making.

Cap. You lie he makes you a punke Hornet minor.

Doll. Hees but a cheater, and I the false die hee playes with-all, I power all my poysen out before thee, because heareafter I will be cleane: shun me not, loath me not, mocke me not, plagues confound thee, I hate thee to the pit of hell, yet if thou goest thither, ile follow thee, run, ayde doe what thou canst, ile run and ride ouer the world after thee.

Cap. Cockatrice: you mistris Salamanders that feare no burning, let my mare and my mares horse, and my coach come running home agen, and run to an hospital, and your Surgeons, and to knaues and panders and to the tiuell and his tame to.

Doll. Fiend art thou taized to torment me.

Bell.

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Bel. Shee loues you Captaine honestly.

Cap. Ile haue any man, oman or cilde by his cares, that saies a coniunon drab can loue a Sentillian honestly, I will sell my Coach for a cart to haue you to puncks hall, Pridewell, I sarge you in *Apollos* name, whom you belong to, see her forth-coming, till I come and tiggle her, by and by, Sbloud I was neuer Couzend with a more rascall peece of mutton, since I came out a the Lawer Countries. *Exit.*

Bel. My dores are open for thee, be gon: woman!

Doll. This goates---peeze of thine —————

Bel. Away: I loue no such implements in my house.

Dol. Doest not? am I but an implement? by all the maidenheads that are lost in *London* in a yare(& that's a great oth) for this trick, other manner of women than my selfe shall come to this house only to laugh at thee; and if thou wouldest labour thy heart out, thou shalt not do withal. *Exit.* *Enter Servant.*

Bel. Is this my Poeticall fury? how now sir!

Ser. Maister *Mayberg* and his wife sir i'th next roome.

Bel. What are they doing sir?

Ser. Nothing sir, that I see, but onely wud speake with you.

Bel. Enter 'em: this house wilbe to hot for mee, if this wench cast me into these sweates, I must shift my selfe, for pure necessity, haunted with sprites in my old daies!

Enter Mayberg booted, his Wife with him.

May. A Commedy, a Canterbury tale smells not halfe so sweete as the Commedy I haue for thee old Poet: thou shalt write vpon't Poet.

Bel. Nay I will write vpon't ift bee a Commedie, for I haue beeene at a most villanous female Tragedie: come, the plot, the plot.

May. Let your man give you the bootes presently, the plot lies in *Ware* my white Poet: Wife thou and I this night, will haue mad sport in *Ware*, marke me well Wife, in *Ware*.

Wif. At your pleasure sir.

May. Nay it shalbe at your pleasure Wife: looke you sir, looke you: *Fetherstones* boy (like an honest crack-halter) layd open all to one of my prentices, (for boies you know like women loue to be doing.) Bel. Very good: to the plot.

NORTH-WARD HOE.

May. Fetherstone like a crafty mutton-monger, persuades Greenshield to be run through the body.

Bell. Strange I through the body?

May. I man, to take phisick he does so, hee's put to his purgation; then sir what does me Fetherstone, but counterfits a letter from an Inkeeper of Doncaster, to fetch Greenshield (who is needy you know) to a keepers lodge in Enfeild-chace, a certaine Uncle, where Greenshield should receiue mony due to him in behalfe of his wife.

Bell. His wife ! is Greenshield married ? I haue heard him sweare he was a batchiler.

Wife. So haue I a hundred times.

May. The knaue has more wiues than the Turke, he has a wife almost in euery shire in England, this parcel Gentlewoman is that Inkeepers Daughter of Doncaster.

Bell. Hath she the entertainment of her fore-fathers ? wil she keepe all commers company?

May. She help's to passe away stale Capons, fower wine, and multy prouander: but to the purpose, this traine was layd by the baggage her selfe and Fetherstone, who it seemes makes her husband a vnicorne : and to giue fire to't, Greenshield like an Arrant wittall intreates his friend, to ride before his wife, and fetch the money, because taking bitter pills, he should prove but a loose fellow if he went, and so durst not go.

Bell. And so the poore Stag is to bee hunted in Enfeild-chace

May. No sir, Maister poet there you misse the plot, Fetherstone and my Lady Greenshield are rid to batter away their light commodities in Ware, Enfeild-chace is to cold for 'em.

Bell. In Ware!

May. In dury Ware : I forget my selfe wife, on with your riding suite, and cry North-ward hoe, as the boy at Powles saies, let my Prentice get vp before thee, and man thee to Ware, lodge in the Inne I told thee, sput cut and away.

Wife. Well sir.

Exit.

Bell. Stay, stay, whats the bottom of this riddle? why send you her away?

May. Fox a thing my little hoary Poet: looke thee, I smelt out my noble stincker Greenshield in his Chamber, and as tho

my

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my heart stringes had bin crackt, I wept, and sighd, & thumpd, and thumpd, and rau'd and randed, and raild, and told him how my wife was now growne as common as baibery, and that shee had hierd her Taylor to ride with her to Ware, to meete a Gentleman of the Court.

Bel. Good; and how tooke he this drench downe.

May. Like Eggs and Muscadine, at a gulp: hee cries out presently, did not I tell you old man, that sheed win my game when she came to bearing? hee railes vpon her, wills me to take her in the Act; to put her to her white sheete, to bee diuorc'd, and for all his guts are not fully scourd by his Pottecary, hee's pulling on his bootes, & will ride along with vs; lets muster as many as wee can.

Bel. It wilbe excellent sport, to see him and his owne wife meete in Ware, wilt not? I, I, weele haue a whole Regiment of horse with vs.

May. I stand vpon thornes, tel I shake him bith hornes: come, bootes boy, we must gallop all the way, for the Sin you know is done with turning vp the white of an eye, will you ioyne your

Bel. Like a Hollander against a Duskirke. (forces.)

May. March then, this curse is on all letchers throwne, They giue hornes and at laft, hornes are their owne. *Exit.*

Enter Captaine Jenkins, and Allom.

Cap. Set the best of your little diminitiue legges before, and ride post I pray.

Allo. Is it possible that mistris Doll should bee so bad?

Cap. Possible! Sbloud tis more easie for an oman to be naught, than for a soldier to beg, and that's horrible easie, you know.

Al. I but to connicatch vs all so grosly.

Cap. Your Norfolke tumblers are but zanyes to connicatching punckes.

Allom. Shee gelded my purse of fifty pounds in ready money.

Cap. I will geld all the horses in fwe hundred Sheires, but I will ride ouer her, and her cheaters, and her Hornets; Shee made a starke Ass of my Coach-horse, and there is a putterbox, whome shee spred thick vpon her white bread, and eate him vp, I think shee has sent the poore fellow to Gederland, but I will marse prauely in and out, and packe

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agen vpon all the low countries in Christendom, as Holland and Zeland and Netherland, and Cleveland too, and I will be drunke and cast with maister Hans van Belch, but I will smell him out.

Allom. Doe so and weeble draw all our arrowes of reuenge vp to the head but weeble hit her for her villany.

Cap. I will traw as petter, and as vrse weapons as arrewes vp to the head, lug you, it shalbe warrants to giue her the whippe deedle.

Allom. But now she knowes shees discouered, sheele take her bells and fly out of our reach.

Cap. Fle with her pells! ownd I know a parish that fal tag downe all the pells and sell em to Capten Jenkens, to do him good, and if pelle will fly, weeble flic too, vns, the pell-ropes hang vs: will you amble vp and downe to maister Justice by my side, to haue this rascall Hornet in corum, and so, to make her hold her whoarts peace.

Allom. Ile amble or trot with you Capten: you told me, she threatened her champions should cut for her, if so, wee may haue the peace of her.

Cap. O mon die! u dguin! follow your leader, Jenken shall cut, and Slice, as worse as they: come I scorne to haue any peace of her, or of any onam, but open warres.

Eeunt.

Enter Bellamont, Maybery, Greensheild, Phillip,
Leuarpoole, Chartley: all booted.

Bell. What will these yong Gentlemen to helpe vs to catch this fresh Salmon, ha! *Phillip* I are they thy friends.

Phil. Yes Sir.

Bell. We are beholding to you Gentlemen that youle fill our eonsort I ha feene your faces me thinkes before; and I cannot informe my selfe where.

Beth, May be so Sir,

Bell. Shall to horse, hears a tickler: heigh: to horse.

May. Come Switts and Spurres! lets mount our Cheualls: merry quoth a.

Bell. Gentlemen shall I shooe a fooles bolt out among you all, because weeble be sure to be merry.

One.

NORTH-WARD HOE.

Omn. What ist?

Bell. For mirth on the high way, will make vs rid ground fasier then if theenes were at our tayles, what say yee to this, lets all practise iesles one against another, and hee that has the best iesle throwne vpon him, and is most gald, betwene our riding foorth and comming in, shall beare the charge of the whole journey. *Omn.* Content ifaith.

Bell. Wee shall fitte one a you with a Cox-combe at *Ware* I beleuee. *May.* Peace. *Green.* It a bargin.

Omn. And hands clapt vpon it.

Bell. Stay, yonders the Dolphin without Bishops-gate, where our horses are at rack and manger, and wee are going past it: come crosse ouer: and what place is this?

May. Bedlam ist not?

Bell. Where the mad-men are, I never was amongst them, as you loue me Gentlemen, lets see what Greekes are within.

Green. Wee shall stay too long.

Bell. Not a whit, *Ware* will stay for our comming I warrant you: come a spurt and away, lets bee mad once in our dayes: this is the doore. *Enter Full-moone.*

May. Saue you sir, may we see some a your mad-folkes, doe you keepe em? *Full.* Yes.

Bell. Pray beslow your name sir vpon vs.

Full. My name is *Full-moone*.

Bell. You well deserue this office good maister *Full-moone*: and what mad-caps haue you in your house,

Enter the Pifition. *Ful.* Diuers.

May. Gods so, see, see, whats hee walkes yonder, is he mad?

Full. Thats a Musition, yes hee's besides himselfe.

Bell. A Musition, how fell he mad for Gods sake?

Full. For loue of an *Italian* Dwarfe.

Bell. Has he beene in *Italy* then?

Full. Yes and speakes they say all manner of languages.

Enter the Bawd.

Omn. Gods so, looke, looke, whats shee?

Bell. The dancing Beare: a pritty well-fauourd little woman.

Full. They say, but I know not, that she was a Bawd, and was frighted out of her wittes by fire,

NORTH-WARD HOE.

Bell. May we talke with 'em maister *Ful-meone*?

Ful. Yes and you will; I must looke about for I haue vnnuly
tenants.

Exit.

Bell. What haue you in this paper honest friend?

Gree. Is this he has al manner of languages, yet speakes none

Baud. How doe you Sir *Andrew*, will you send for some aqua-
uite for me, I haue had no drinke neuer since the last great raine
that fell.

Bell. No that's a lye.

Baud. Nay by gad, then you lie, for all y'are Sir *Andrew*, I was
a dapper rogue in Portingall voyage, not an inch broad at the
heele, and yet thus high, I scornd I can tell you to be druncke
with raine water then Sir, In those golden and siluer dayes:
I had sweete bitts then Sir *Andrew*: how doe you good brother
Timothy?

Bella. You haue bin in much trouble since that voyage.

Baud. Neuer in bride-wel I protest, as I ne a virgin: for I could
neuer abide that bride-wel I protest, I was once sick, and I tooke
my water in a basket, and cary'd it to a doctors.

Phil. In a basket.

Baud. Yes Sir: you arrant foole there was a vrinall in it.

Phil. I cry you mercy.

Baud. The Doctor told me I was with child, how many Lords
Knights, Gentlemen, Cittizens, and others promist me to be
god-fathers to that child: twas not Gods will: the prentises
made a riot vpon my glasse-windowes the Shroue-tuesday fol-
lowing and I miscaried.

Omn. O doe not weepe.

Baud. I ha cause to weepe: I trust Gintlewomen their diet
sometimes a fortnight: lend Gentlemen holland shirts, and they
sweat 'em out at tennis: and no restitution, and no restitution,
but Ile take a new order, I will haue but six stewd prunes in a
dish and some of mother Walls cakes: for my best customers
are taylors.

Omn. Taylors! ha ha.

Baud. I Taylors: giue me your London Prentice; your coun-
try Gentlemen are growne too polliticke.

Bell. But what say you to such young Gentlemen as these are.

Baud. Foh; they as soone as they come to their lands get vp
to London, and like squibs that run vpon lynes, they keepe

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¶ Spitting of fire, and crackling till they ha spent all, and when
my squib is out, what sayes his punke, foh, he stinckes.

Enter the musition.

Me thought this other night, I saw a pretty sight,

Which pleased me much,

A comely country mayd, not squeamish nor afraid,
To let Gentlemen touch.

I sold her maiden-head once, and I sold her maiden-head twice,
And I sould it last to an Alderman of Yorke.

And then I had sold it thrice.

Musi. You sing scurvily.

Baud. mary mutte, sing thou better, for Ile goe sleepe my old
sleepes. *Exit.* *Bell.* What are you a doing my friend.

Musi. Pricking, pricking.

Bell. What doe you meane by pricking?

Musi. A Gentleman like quallity.

Bell. This fellow is some what prouder, and sullenner then the
other. *May,* Oh, se be most of your musitions.

Musi. Are my teeth rotten? *Om.* No Sir.

Musi. Then I am no Comfit-maker, nor Vintner, I doe not get
wenches in my drincke : are you a musition? *Bell.* Yes..

Musi. weele be sworne brothers then, looke you sweete roague.
Gree. Gods so, now I thinke vpon't, a leſt is crept into my head,
steale away, if you loue me. *Exeunt: musition sings.*

Musi. Was euer any marchants hand set better I ſet it: walke
Ime a cold, this white fattia is to thin vntis it be cut, for then
the Sunne enters: can you ſpeakē Italian too, *Sapetē Italiano.*

Bell. *Vn poco.*

Musi. Sblood if it be in you, Ile poake it out if you; *vn poco;*
come March lie heare with me, but till the fall of the leafe, and
if you haue but *poco Italiano* in you, Ile fill you full of more *poco*.
March. *Bell.* Come on. *Exeunt.*

Enter Maybery, Greeneshilde, Phillip, Full-moone.

Leuerpoole, and Chartely.

Gree. Good Maister Mayberie, Phillip, if you be kind Gentle-
men vphold theiſt: your whole voiage is payd for.

May. Follow it then.

F.H.

NORTH-WARD HOE.

Ful. The old Gentleman say you, why he talkt eu'en now as well in his wittes as I do my seife, and lookt as wifely.

Gree. No matter how he talkes, but his Pericranion's perisht;

Ful. Where is he pray?

Phil. Mary with the Musition, and is madder by this time

Char. Hee's an excellent Musition himselfe, you must note that.

May. And hauing met one fit for his one tooth: you see hee skips from vs.

Green. The troth is maister *Full-moone*, diuers traines haue bin laide to bring him hither, without gaping of people, and neuer any tooke effect till now. Ful. How fell he mad?

Green. For a woman, looke you sir: here's a crowne to provide his supper: hee's a Gentleman of a very good house, you shall bee paid well if you conuert him; to morrow morning, bedding, and a gowne shal be sent in, and wood and coale.

Ful. Nay sir, he must ha no fire.

Green. No, why looke what straw you buy for him, shall returne you a whole haruest.

Omn. Let his straw be fresh and sweet, we beseech you sir?

Green. Get a couple of your sturdiest fellowes, and bind him I pray, whilst wee slip out of his sight.

Ful. Ile hamper him, I warrant Gentlemen. *Exit.*

Omn. Excellent.

May. But how will my noble Poet take it at my hands, to betray him thus. *Omn. Foh, tis but a iest, he comes.*

Enter Musition and Bellamont.

Bell. Perdonate mi, se Io dimando del vostro nome: oh, whether shunke you: I haue had such a mad dialogue here.

Omn. Wee ha bin with the other mad folces.

May. And what sayes he and his prick-song?

Bell. Wee were vp to the eares in *Italian* ifaith.

Omn. In *Italian*; O good maister Bellamont lets heare him.

Enter Full-moone, and two Keepers.

Bell. How now, Sdeath what do you meane? are you mad?

Ful. Away sirra, bind him, hold fast: you want a wench sirra, doe you?

Bell. What wench? will you take mine armes from me, being no Heralds? let goe you Dogs.

NORTH-WARD HOE.

Ful. Bind him, be quiet : come, come, dogs, sic, & a gentleman,

Bell. Maister Maibery, Philip, maister Maibery, vds foot.

Ful. Ile bring you a wench, are you mad for a wench,

Bet. I hold my lise my comrads haue put this fooles cap vpon
thy head : to gull me: I smell it now : why doe you heare Full-
moone, let me loose ; for I me not mad; I me not mad by Iesu :

Ful. Ask the Gentlemen that:

Bet. Bith Lord I me aswell in my wits, as any man ith' house,
this is a trick put vpon thee by these gallants in pure knauery.

Ful. Ile trie that, answer me to this question: loose his armes a
little, looke you sir, three Geese nine pence ; every Goose three
pence, what's that a Goose, roundly, roundly one with another.

Bet. Sfoot do you bring your Geese for me to cut vp.

Enter all. *strike him soundly, and kick him.*

Om. Hold, hold, bind him maister Full-moone.

Ful. Binde him you, hee has payd me all, Ile haue none of his
bonds not I, vnfesse I could recover them better.

Gre. Haue I giuen it you maister Poet, did the Lime-bush take,

Ma. It was his warrant sent thee to Bedlam, old Jack Bellamor,
and maister Full-ith' moone, our warrant discharges him : Poet,
weele all ridevpon thee to Ware, & back agen I feare to thy cost.

Bet. If you doe, I must beare you, thanke you Maister Green-
shield, I will not dye in your debt : farewell you mad rascals, to
horse come, 'tis well done ; 'twas well done, you may laugh,
you shall laugh Gentlemen: if the gudgeon had beene swallow-
ed by one of you it had bin vile, but by Gad 'eis nothing, for
your best Poets indeed are madde for the most part : farewell
good-man Full-moone.

Ful. Pray Gentlemen if you come by call in. *Exit.*

Bell. Yes, yes, when they are mad, horse your selues now if you
be men. *May.* Hee gallop must that after women rides,
Gt our wiues out of Towne, they take long strides. *Exeunt.*

ACTVS 5. SCÆNA 1.

Enter old Maybery and Bellamont.

May. But why haue you brought vs to the wrong Ime? and
withall possent Greenshield that my wife is not in towne : when
my project was, that I woulde haue brought him vp into the

S

chamber,

NORTH-WARD HOE.

chamber, where yong Fetherstone and his wife lay: and so all his Artillery should haue recoild into his owne boosome.

Bell. O it will fall out fare better, you shall see my reuenge will haue a more neate and vncpected conueyance: he hath bin all vp and downe the towne, to enquire for a Londoners wife, none such is to be found: for I haue mewd your wife vp already: mary he heres of a Yorke-shire Gentlewoman at next Inne, and thats all the commodity Ware affords at this instant: now sir, he very politickly imagins, that your wife is rode to Puckridge, ffeue mile further, for saith he, in such a towne where Hosts will be familiar, and Tapsters saucie, & Chamberlaines worse then theeuers intelligencers, theile neuer put foot out of Stirrop: either at Puckridge, or Wades-mill (saith he) you shal finde them: & because our horses are wary, hee's gone to take vp Post horse: my counsail is onely this, when he comes in, faine your selfe very melancholie, sweare you will ride no farther, and this is your part of the Comedy: the sequell of the iest shall come like money borrowed of a Courtier, and paid within the day, athing strange & vncpected.

Enter Greeneshield.

May. Inough, tha't, Enter Bell He comes. Enter Greeneshield

Gre. Come gallants, the post horse are ready, tis but a quarter

of an houres riding, weeke ferrit them and fiske them in-faith.

Bell. Are they growne politick? when do you see honest ycouet

corners, or a gentlemā that's no thieffie in the Inne, of a cartier.

May. Nothing hath vndone my wife, but too much riding.

Bell. She was a pretty piece of a Poet indeed, & in her discourse would as many of your Gold-smiths wiues doe, draw her simily from pretious stones, so wittily, as redder then your Ruby, harder then your Diamond, and so from stone to stone, in lesse time then a man can draw on a straight boote, as if she had beeuen an excellent Lapidary.

Green. Come will you to horse sir? Enter Bell

May. No let her go to the diuell and she will, Ile not surge a

foote further.

Green. Gods pretious ist come to this: perswade him as you are a Gentleman, there will be ballads made of him, & the burthen therof will be, if you had rode out 5. mile forward, he had found the fatall house of Braineford North-ward, O'hong, hone, hone ononere.

Bell. You are merry sir. (a horseback.

Gre. Like your Citizen, I haue never thinkē of my debts, when I am

Bell. You

NORTH-WARD HOE.

Bell. You imagin you are riding from your creditors,

Gree. Good infaith: wil you to horse? *May.* Ile ride no further;

Gree. The ile discharge the post-maister: was't not a pritty wit
of mine maister Poet to haue had him rod into *Puckridge*, with
a horne before him, ha wast not?

Bell. Good sooth excellent: I was dull in apprehending it: but
come since we must stay: wele be mery, chamberlaine call in the
musick, bid the Tapsters & maids come vp and dance, what weel
make a night of it, harke you maisters, I haue an exellent iest to
make old *Masberry* merty, Sfoote weele haue him merty.

Green. Lets make him drunke then, a simble catching wit I.

Bell. Go thy waies, I know a Nobleman would take such a de-
light in thee. *Green.* Why so he would in his foolc.

Bell. Before God but hee would make a difference, hee would
keepe you in Sattin, but as I was a saying weel haue him merty:
his wife is gon to *Puckridge*, tis a wench makes him nielacholy,
tis a wench must make him merty: we must help him to a wench,
when your citizen comes into his Inne, wet & cold, dropping,
either the hostis or one of her maids, warmes his bed, puls on his
night-cap, cuts his cornes puts out the candle, bids him comand
ought, if he want ought: and so after maister cittiner sleepes as
quietly, as if he lay in his owne low-country of *Holland*, his own
linnen I meane sir, we must haue a wench for him.

Gree. But wher's this wench to be found, here are al the mou-
able peticotes of the house.

Bell. At the next Inne there lodged to night---

Gree. Gods pretious a *Yorkeſhire Gentlewoman*; I ha't, Ie
angle for her preſently, weele haue him merty.

Bell. Procure ſome Chamberlaine to Pander for you.

Gree. No Ile be Pander my ſelſe, because weele be merty.

Bell. Will you, will you?

Gree. But how? be a Pander as I am a gentleman? that were hor-
rible, Ile thrust my ſelf into the out-side of a Fawloner in towne
here: & now I thinke on't there are a company of coutry plaiers,
that are come to towne here, ſhall furniſh mee with haire and
beard: if I do not bring her, --- wilbe wondrouſ merty.

Bell. About it looke you ſir, though ſhe beare her far aloofe, and
her body out of diſtance, ſo her mind be coming 'tis no matter.

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Green. Get old Maibery merry: that any man should take to heart thus the downe fall of a woman, I thinke when he comes home poore snaile, heele not dare to peape forth of doores least his hornes vslter him. *Exit.*

Bel. Go thy wayes, there be more in England weare large eares and hornes, then Stagges and Asses: excellent hee rides poste with a halter about his neck. *May.* How now wilt take?

Bel. Beyond expectation: I haue perswaded him the onely way to make you merry, is to helpe you to a wench, and the foole is gone to pander his owne wife hether.

May. Why heele know her?

Bel. She hath beene maskt ever since she came into the Inne, for feare of discouery. *May.* Then sheele know him,

Bel. For that his owne vnfornatue wit helpt my lasse intention, for he hath disguisid himselfe like a Fawkner, in Towne heare, hoping in that procuring shape, to doe more good vpon her, then in the out-side of a Gentleman.

May. Young Fetherstone will know him?

Bel. Hee's gone into the towne, and will not returne this halfe houre. *May.* Excellent if she would come.

Bel. Nay vpon my life sheele come: when she enters rememb're some of your young bloud, talke as some of your gallant commoners will, Dice and drinke: freely: do not call for Sack, least it betray the coldnesse of your man-hood, but fet ch a caper bow & then, to make the gold chinke in your pockets: I so.

May. Ha old Poet, lets once stand to it for the credit of Milke-streete. Is my wife acquainted with this.

Bel. She's perfect, & will come out vpon her qu, I warrant you.

May. Good wenckes infaith: fils some more Sack heare.

Bel. Gods pretious, do not call for Sack by any meanes.

May. Why then giue vs a whole Lordship for life in Rheniff, with the reuersion in Sugar. *Bel.* Excellent.

May. It were not amisse if we were dancing.

Bel. Out vpon't, I shall never do it.

Enter Greensheild disguised, with mistresse

Greensheild.

Green. Out of mine nostrils tapster, thou smelst like Guild-hall two daies after Simon and Inde, of drinke most horribly, off with thy

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thy maske sweete sinner of the North : these maskes are foiles
to good faces, and to bad ones they are like new sattin out-sides
to louise linings.

Kat. O by no meanes sir, your Merchant will not open a
whole peece to his best costonier, hee that buies a woman, must
take her as she fales: Ile ynnaske my hand heares the sample.

Green. Goe to then, old I'oe I haue tane her vp already as a
pinnis bound for the straights, she knowes her burden yonder.

Bel. Lady you are welcome: yon is the old Gentleman and
obserue him, he's not one of your fat Citty chuffes: whose great
belly argues that the felicity of his life consistes in capon, sack,
and sincere honesty, but a leane spare bountiful gallant one that
hath an old wife, and a young performance: whose reward is not
the rate of a Captaine newly come out of the Low-coutries: or
a Yerkeſhie're Atturyn in good contentious practice, some angel,
no the proportion of your welthy Cittizen to his wench, is, her
Chamber, her diet, her phisick, her apparell, her painting, her
monkey, her pandar, her every thing. Youle say your yong
Gentleman, is your onely seruice that lies before you like a
Calues head, with his braines some halfe yeaerd from him, but I
assure you, they must not onely haue variety of foolery; but also
of wenches: whereas your conſeionable gray-beard of Farring-
ton within, will keepe himſelfe, to the iuines of one eastr waight-
ing-woman an age: & perhaps, when he's past all other good
workeſ, to wipe out false waightes, and twenty iſt hundred,
marry her

Green. O well bould Tom () we haue preſedents, for't.

Kat. But I haue a hufband ſir.

Bel. You haue, if the knaue thy hufband bee rich, make him
poore, that he may borrow mony of this Merchant, and be layd
vp in the Counter, or Ludgate, ſo it ſhall bee conſcience in you
old Gentleman, when he hath feized all thy goods, to take the
horne and maintaine thee.

Green. O well bould Tom () we haue preſedents for't.

Kat. Well if you be not a Nobleman, you are ſome great vali-
ant Gentleman, by your bearth: and the fashion of your beard:
and do but thus to make the Cittizen merry, because you owe
him ſome money.

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Bell. O you are a wag. *May.* You are very welcome.

Gree. He is tane, excellent, excellent, ther's one will make him merry : is it any imputation to helpe ones friend to a wench ?

Bell. No more then at my Lords intreayt, to helpe my Lady to a pritty waighting woman; if he had giuen you a gelding, or the reuersion of some Monopoly, or a new sute of Sattin to haue done this, happily your Sattin would haue sinelt of the Pander : but what's done freely, comes like a present to an old Lady, without any reward, and what is done without any reward, comes like wounds to a Souldier, very honourably notwithstanding. (uaile you?)

May. This is my breeding Gentlewoman : and whether tra-

Kate. To London sir, as the old tale goes, to seeke my fortune.

May. Shall I be yc ur fortune Lady?

Kate. O pardon me sir, Ile haue some young landed heire to be my Fortune, for they fauour shee fooles more then Cittizens.

May. Are you married?

Kate. Yes, but my husband is in garrison ith' Low-countries, is his Colonels bawd, and his Capraine's Iester: he sent me word ouer, that he will thriue: for though is apparell lie ith' Lumbard, he keepes his confiience ith' Muster-booke.

May. Hee may do his countrie good seruice Lady.

Kate. I as many of your Capraine's do, that fight as the Geese, fau'd the Capitoll, onely with pratling : well, well, if I were in some Noblemans hands now, may-be he would not take a thousand pounds for me. *May.* No.

Kate. No sir : and yet may be at yeares end, would giue me a brace of hundredth pounds, to marry me to his Bayly, or the Sollicitor of his Law sutes : whose this I beseech you ?

Enter mistresse Maybery her haire loose,

with the Hostice.

Hostice. I pray you forsooth be patient.

Bell. Passion of my heart, Mistresse Maybery. *Excuse Fiddlers.*

Gree. Now will shee put some notable trick, ypon her Cuckoldy husband.

May. Why how now Wife, what meanes this ? ha?

Mi. Ma. Well, I am very well: ô my vnsfortunate parents, would you had buried me quick, when you linkt me to this misery.

May. Q

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May. O wife be patient, I haue more cause to raile wife.

Mistress May. You haue, proue it, proue it, wheres the Courte-
er, you should haue tane in my bosome: Ile spit my gall in's face,
that can tax me of any dishonor: haue I lost the pleasure of mine
eyes, the sweetes of my youth, the wishes of my bloud: and the
portion of my friends, to be thus dishonored, to be reputed vild*
in London, whilst my hus band prepares common diseases for
me at Ware, O god O god.

Be. Prettily wel dissembled.

Host. As I am true hostice you are to blamie sir, what are you
maisters: Ile know what you are asore you depart maisters, dost
thou leaue thy Chamber in an honest Inne, to come and inue-
gle my costomers, and you had sent for me vp, and kist me and
vsdenie like an hostice, twold never haue grecued mee, but to
do it to a stranger. *Kate.* Ile leaue you sir.

May. Stay, why how now sweete gentlewoman, cannot I come
forth to breath my selfe, but I must bee haunted, raile vpon olde
Bellamont, that he may discouer them, you remember Fetherstone
Greensfeild.

Mistress May. I remember them, I, they are two as coging, disho-
norable dambd forsworne beggery gentlemē, as are in al Lon-
don, and ther's a reuerent old gent'eman to, your pander in my
conscience.

Bel. Lady, I wil not as the old goddes were wont, sware by
the infernall stix; but by all the mingled wine in the feller be-
neath, and the smoke of Tobacco that hath fumed ouer the ves-
sailes, I did not procure your husband this banqueting dish of
sucket, looke you behold the parenthesis.

Host. Nay Ile see your face too.

Kat. My deare vnykind husband; I protest to thhee I haue playd
this knauish part only to be witty.

Gree. That I might bee presently turned into a matter more
fodlid then horne into Marble. (souldier)

Bel. Your husband gentlewoman: why hee never was a

Kat. I but a Lady got him prickt for a Captaine, I warrant you,
he wil answere to the name of Captaine, though hee bee none:
like a Lady that wil nor think scorne to answere to the name of
her firsē husband; though he weare a Sope-boyle.

Green. Hange of thou diuill, away.

Kat. No, no, you fled me tother day,

When

When I was with child you ran away,
But since I haue caught you now.

Green. A pox of your wit and your singing.

Bel. Nay looke you sir, she must sing becaus weele be merry,
what though you rod not fwe mile forward, you haue foud that
fatall house at *Brainford Northward*, O hone ho no na ne ro.

Green. God refuse mee Gentlemen, you may laugh and bee
merry: but I am a Cockold and I thinke you knew of it, who lay
ith segges with you to night wild-ducke.

Kat. No body with me, as I shall be faued: but Maister *Fether-
stone*, came to meeete me as far as *Roistone*.

Green. Fetherstone.

May. See the hawke that first stoopt, my pheasant is kild by
the Spaniell that first sprang all of our side wife.

Bel. Twas a pretty wit of you sir, to haue had him rod into
Puckeridge with a horne before him; ha: wast not;

Green. Good.

Bel. Or where a Cittizen keepeſ his house, you know tis noe
as a Gentleman keepeſ his Chamber for debt; but as you sayd
euē now very wisely, least his hornes should vſher him.

Green. Very good Fetherstone he comes. Enter Fetherstone.

Feth. Luke Greeneshield Maister Maybery, old Poet: *Mol* and
Kate, most hapily incounterd, vdsſlife how came you heather, by
my lif the man lookeſ pale.

Green. You are a villaine, and Ile mak't good vpon you, I
am no ſeruſgman, to ſeede vpon your reuersion.

Feth. Go to the ordinary then.

Bel. This is his ordinary sir & in this ſhe is like a London or-
dinary: her beſt getting comes by the box.

Green. You are a dambd villaine.

Feth. O by no meaneſ.

Green. No, vdsſlife, Ile go iſtantly take a purſe, be apprehen-
ded and hang'd for't, better then be a Cockold.

Feth. Beſt firſt make your confeſſion ſirra.

Green. Tis this thou haſt not vſed me like a Gentleman.

Feth. A Gentleman: thou a gentleman: thou art a Taylor.

Bel. Ware peaching.

Feth. No firra if you will confeſſe ought, tell how thou haſt
wronged

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wronged that vertuous Gentlewoman : how thou laiest at her two yeaſe together to make her dishonest : how thou wouldest ſend me thether with letters, how duely thou woudſt watch the cittizens wiues vacatior, which is twice a day ; namely the exchainge time, twelue at noone and ſix at night, and where ſhe refuſed thy impoſturity, and vowed to tell her husband: thou wouldest fall downe vpon thy knees, and intreat her for the loue of Heauen, if not to eafe thy violent affection, at leaſt to conceale it, to which her pitty and ſimple vertue conſented, how thou tookeſt her wedding ring from her, Met theſe two Gentlemen at Ware : fained a quarell, and the reſt is apparant, this onely remaynes what wrong the poore Gentlewoman hath ſince receaued by our intollerable lyce ; I am moſt hartely ſorry for, and to thy boſome will maintaine all I haue ſaid to bee honest.

May. Victorie wife thou art quit by proclamation.

Bel. Sir you are an honest man, I haue knowne an arrant theſe for peaching made an officer, give me your hand Sir.

Kate. O filthy abhominable husband did you all this?

May. Certainly he is no Captaine he bluſhes.

Mi. May. Speake Sir did you euer know me anſwerte your wiſhes. *Gree.* You are honest, very vertuously honest.

Mi. May. I wil then no longer be a loose woman, I haue at my husbands pleaſure tane vpon me this habit of icalouſie : Ime ſorry for you, vertue glories not in the ſpoyle but in the victory.

Be. How ſay you by that goody Sentence, looke you ſir, you gallaſt visit cittizes houſes, as the Spaniard firſt ſailed to the Indies, you pretēd bying of wares or ſelling of lāds: but the end proues nothing but for diſcouery & cōqueſt of their wiues for better maſteneance why looke you, was he a ware of thoſe broken paſſiſe when you met him at Ware, & poſſeſt him of the downſal of his wife: you are a Cockcold you haue pādered your own wife to this gentleman, better men haue don it, honest Tom (), wee haue presidents for't, hie you to London: what is more Catholick iſt City then for husbands daily for to forgiue, the nightly ſins of their bedfellowes : if you like not that courſe but to intend to be rid of her : rifle her at a Tauerne, where you may ſwallow

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downe some fifty wifacres sonnes and heires to old tenements,
and common gardens : like so many raw yeolkes with Muska-
dine to bed-ward.

Kat. O filthy knaue, dost compare a woman of my cariage
to a horse.

Bel. And no disparagement; for a woman to haue a high for-
head: a quick eare, a full eyc, a wide nostrell, a sleeke skin, a
straight back, a round hip, and so forth is most comely.

Kat. But is a great belly comly in a horse sir.

Bel. No Lady.

Kat. And what thinke you of it in a woman I pray you.

Bel. Certainly, I am put downe at my owne weapon; I there-
fore recant the rysyng? no there is a new trade come vp for
east Gentlewemen, of peeriwip making: let your wife set vp ith
Strand, and yet I doubt, whither she may or no, for they say, the
woman haue got it to be a corporatiō; if you can you may make
good vse of it, for you shall haue as good a comming in by haire
(tho it be but a falling commodity) & by other foolish tyring,
as any betweene Saint Clements and Charing.

Feth. Now you haue run your selfe out of breath, here me: I
protest the gentlewoman is honest, and since I haue wrong'd
her reputation in meeting her thus priuately, Ile maintaine her:
wilt thou hang at my purse *Kate*, like a paire of barbary but-
tons, to open when tis full, and close when tis empty?

Kat. Ile be diuorc'd by this Christian element, and because
thou thinkst thou art a Cockold, least I should make thee an in-
fidell, in causing thee to beleeue an vntrueth, Ile make thee a
Cockold.

Bel. Excellent wench.

Feth. Come, lets go sweete: the Nag I ride vpon beares dou-
ble, weeke to London.

May. Do not bite your thumbes sir.

Kate. Bite his thumbe!

Ile make him do a thing worse than this,
Come loue me where as I lay.

Feth. What *Kate*!

Kate. He shall father a child is none of his,
O the cleane contrary way.

Feth. O lusty Rate.

Exeunt.

May.

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May. Me thought he sayd, even now you were a Taylor.

Gre. You shall heare more of that hereafter, Ile make *Ware* and him stinck ere he goes, if I bee a Taylor, the toagues naked weapon shall not fright me, Ile beate him and my wife both out of Towne with a Taylors yard.

Exit.

May. O Valiant sir *Tristram*, roome there.

Enter Philip Leuer, poole and Chartly.

Phil. Newes father, most strang newes out of the Low-countries, your good Lady and Mistris that set you to worke vpon a dozen of cheese-trenchers is new lighted at the next Inne, and the old venerable Gentleman's father with her.

Bel. Let the gates of our Inne be lockt vp, closer than a Noble-mans gates at dinner time.

Omn. Why sir, why?

Bella. If shee enter here, the house wil be infected: the plague is not halfe so dangerous, as a Shee-hornet: *Philip* this is your shuffling a the cardes, to turne vp her for the bottom carde at *Ware*.

Phi. No as I me vertuous sir, aske the two Gentleman.

Leuer. No in troth sir; shee told vs, that inquiring at *London* for you or your sonne, your man chalkt out her way to *Ware*.

Bel. I wud *Ware* might choake 'em both, Maister *Mayber*, my horse and I will take our leaues of you? Ile to *Bedlam* agen rather than stay her.

May. Shall a woman make thee flie thy country? stay, stand to her tho shee were greater than Pope *Ioane*, what are thy braines coniuring for, my poeticall bay-lease-eater?

Bel. For a sprite a the buttry, that shall make vs all drinck with mirth if I can raize it: stay, the chicken is not fully hatcht, hit I beseech thee: So, come! wil you be secret Gentleman and assisting.

Omn. With browne bills, if you thinke good.

Bel. What wil you say, if by some trick we put this little Hor-net into *Fetherstones* bosomie, and marry 'em together.

Omn. Fuh, tis impossible.

Bel. Most possible, Ile to my trencher-woman, let me alone for dealing with her: *Fetherstone* Gentleman shalbe your patient.

Omn. How! how?

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Bell. Thus I will close with this country Pedlar misstrisse Dorothy (that trauels vp and downe to exchange Pinnes for Cunny-skinis) very louingly, she shall eate of nothing but sweet-meates in my company (good words) whose taste when she likes, as I know shee will, then will I play vpon her with this Artillery, that a very proper man, and a great heyre (naming Fetherstone) spyeid her from a window, when shee lighted at her Inne, is extreamly falne in loue with her, vowes to make her his wife, if it stand to her good liking, euen in Ware; but being (as most of your young Gentlemen are) some-what bashfull, and ashame to venture vpon a woman.

May. Citty and suburbs can iustifie it: so sir.

Bell. Hee sends mee (being an old friend) to vndermine for him: Ile so whet the wenches stomack, and make her so hungry, that she shall haue an appetite to him, feare it not; *Greeneheild* shall haue a hand in it too, and to bee reuengde of his partner, will I know strike with any weapon.

Leuer. But is *Fetherstone* of any ineanes? els you vndoe him and her.

May. Hee has land betweene *Foolham* and *London*, he would haue made it ouer to me: to your charge Poet, giue you the assault vpon her, and send but *Fetherstone* to mee, Ile hang him by the gills.

Bell. Hees not yet horst sure, *Phillip*, go thy wayes, giue fire to him, and send him hither with a powder presently.

Phil. Hees blowne vp already. *Exit.*

Bell. Gentlemen youle stick to the deuise, & looke to your plot?

Omnes. Most Poetically: away to your quarter.

Bell. I marche, I will cast my rider gallants: I hope you see who shall pay for our voyage. *Exit.*

Enter *Phillip* and *Fetherstone*.

May. That must hee that comes here: Maister *Fetherstone*, O Maister *Fetherstone*, you may now make your fortunes weigh ten stone of Fethers more then euer they did: leape but into the Saddle now, that stands empty for you, you are made for euer.

Leuer. An Asse Ile be sworne.

Feth. How for Gods sake? how?

May. I would you had, what I could wish you, I loue you, and because

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because you shall be sure to know where my loue dwels, looke you sir, it hangs out at this signe: you shall pray for *Ware*, when *Ware* is dead and rotten: looke you sir, there is as pretty a little Pinnas, struck saile hereby, and come in lately; shee's my kinse-woman, my fathers youngest Sister, a warde, her portion three thousand; her hopes if her Grannam dye without issue, better.

Feth. Very good sir.

May. Her Gardian goes about to marry her to a Stone-cutter, and rather than sheele be subiect to such a fellow, sheele dye a martyr, will you haue all out? shee's runne away, is here at an Inne ith' towne, what parts so euer you haue plaid with nice, I see good parts in you, and if you now will catch times hayre that's put into your hand, you shall clap her vp presently.

Feth. Is she young? and a pretty wench?

Leuer. Few Citrizens wiues are like her.

Phil. Yong, why I warrant sixteene hath scarce gone ouer her.

Feth. Sfoot, where is she? if I like her personage, aswell as I like that which you say belongs to her personage, Ile stand thrumming of Caps no longer, but board your Pynnus whilst 'tis hotte.

May. Away then with these Gentlemen with a French gallop, and to her: *Phillip* here shall runne for a Priest, and dispatch you.

Feth. Will you gallants goe along: wee may be married in a Chamber for feare of hew and crie after her, and some of the company shall keepe the doore.

May. Assure your soule shee will be followed: away therefore. Hees in the *Curtian gulfe*, and swallowed horse and man: hee will haue some body keepe the doore for him, sheele looke to that: I am yonger then I was two nights agoe, for this phisick. -- how now?

Enter Captaine, Allom, Hans, and
others booted.

Capr. God plesse you; is there not an arrant scuruy drab in your company, that is a Sentill-woman borne sir, and can tawg *Welch*, and *Dutch*, and any tongue in your head?

May. How so? Drabs in my company: doe I looke like a Drab-driuer?

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Capt. The Trab will drieue you (if she put you before her) into a peinch hole.

Allom. Is not a Gentleman here one Maister Bellamont sir of your company.

May. Yes, yes, come you from *London*, heele be here presently.

Capt. Will he? *tawson*, this oman, hunts at his taile like your little Goates in *Wales* follow their mother, wee haue warrants here from maister Sustice of this shire, to shew no pitty nor mercie to her, her name is *Doll*.

May. Why sir, what has she committed? I thinke such a creature is ith' towne.

Capt. What has she committed: owndes shee has committed more then man-slaughters, for shee has committed her selfe God plesse vs to euerlasting prison: lug you sir, shee is a punke, she shifts her louers (as Captaines and *Welsh* Gentlemen and such) as she does her Trenchers when she has well fed vpon'r, and that there is left nothing but pare bones, shee calls for a cleane one, and scrapes away the fist.

Enter Bellamont, and Hornet, with Doll betweene them.

Greene shield, Kate, Mayberies wife, Phillip,
Leuerpoole, and Chartley.

May. Gods so Maister Fetherstone, what will you do? here's three come from *London*, to fetch away the Gentlewoman with a warrant.

Feth. All the warrants in *Europe* shall not fetch her now, she's mine sure enough: what haue you to say to her? shee's my wife.

Capt. Ow! Sbloud doe you come so farre to fishe and catch Frogs? your wife is a Tilt-boate, any man or oman may goe in her for money; shee's a Cunny-catcher: where is my mooucable goods calld a Coach, and my two wild peasts, pogs on you wud they had trawne you to the gallowes.

Allom. I must borrow fiftie pound of you Mistris Bride.

Hans. *Paw bro*, and you make me de gheck, de groet sole, you heb mine gelt to: war is it?

Doll. Out you base scums, come you to disgrace mee in my wedding shooes?

Feth. Is

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Feth. Is this your three thousand pound ward, yee tolde mee
fir she was your Kinswoman.

May. Right, one of mine Awnts.

Bell. Who payes for the Northren voyage now lads?

Gree. Why do you not ride before my Wife to London now?
the Woodcocks ith Sprindge.

Kate. O forgiue me deere husband! I will never loue a man
that is worse than hangd, as he is.

May. Now a man may haue a course in your Parke?

Feth. Hee may sir.

Doll. Neuer I protest, I will bee as true to thee, as *Ware* and
Wades-mill are one to another.

Feth. Well, it's but my fate: Gentlemen, this is my opinion,
it's better to shoote in a Bow that has beene shot in before, and
will never start, than to draw a faire new one, that for every Ar-
row will bee warping: Come wench wee are ioynd, and all the
Dogs in *France* shall not part vs: I haue some lands, those Ile
turne into money, to pay you, and you, and any: Ile pay all that
I can for thee, for line sure thou hast paid me.

Omn. God giue you joy.

May. Come lets be metry, lye you with your owne Wife, to
be sure shee shall not walke in her sleepe: a noyse of Musitians
Chamberlaine.

*This night lets banquet freely: come, weele dare,
Our wines to combate ith' greate bed in Ware.*

Exeunt.

FINIS.

